

COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN
COUNTRY LIFE AND COUNTRY PURSUITS.

ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. IX.—No. 209. [REGISTERED AT THE
G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.] SATURDAY, JANUARY 5th, 1901.

[PRICE SIXPENCE.
BY POST, 6d.]



Photo. LALLIE CHARLES.

LADY FERMOR HESKETH.

Titchfield Road, N.W.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Our Frontispiece: <i>Lady Hesketh</i>	1, 6
Stipendiary Magistrates for Counties	2
Country Notes	3
Old Houses in Kent and Sussex. (Illustrated)	5
Habits of Game.—XIV.	6
The Hero of the Hour. (Illustrated)	7
Sport Two Centuries Ago. (Illustrated)	8
Fruit-growing in Essex. (Illustrated)	10
In the Garden	13
Daughters of Dreams. Book II.—Goyault	14
Garnens Old and New: Powis Castle. (Illustrated)	16
A Book of the Day	22
The Covert Shoot	24
The Winterslow Small Holding	25
Agricultural Notes	26
At the Theatre	27
A Great Inventor. (Illustrated)	28
Wild Country Life	29
O'er Field and Furrow. (Illustrated)	29
On the Green	31
Racing Notes	31
Correspondence	31

EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor will be glad to receive for consideration photographs, instantaneous or otherwise, besides literary contributions, in the shape of articles and descriptions, as well as short stories, sporting or otherwise, not exceeding 2,000 words. Contributors are specially requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS. and on the backs of photographs. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in COUNTRY LIFE alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require.

With regard to photographs, the price required for reproduction, together with all descriptive particulars, must be plainly stated. If it is desired that the photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed envelope must be enclosed for the purpose.

It must be distinctly understood that no one will be treated with who is not the owner of the copyright of the photograph submitted, or who has not the permission in writing of the owner of the copyright to submit the photograph to the Editor of COUNTRY LIFE for reproduction.

Vols. V., VI., and VII. of COUNTRY LIFE are now ready, and can be obtained on application to the Publisher. Price, bound in green half-morocco, 25s. per volume, or 21s. in green cloth, gilt edges. Vols. I., II., III., and IV. are out of print. All cheques should be made payable to the Proprietors, COUNTRY LIFE.

The charge for small Advertisements of Property for Sale or to Let, Situations Wanted, etc., is 5s. for 40 words and under, and 1s. for each additional 10 words or less. All orders must be accompanied by a remittance, and all matters relating to Advertisements should be addressed to the Manager, 20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

On account of the regulations of the Postal Authorities, the index to Vol. VIII. of COUNTRY LIFE is not included in the body of the paper, but it will be forwarded free to subscribers by the Manager upon the receipt of a stamped and addressed wrapper.

STIPENDIARY MAGISTRATES FOR COUNTIES.

THE objections to leaving the administration of justice in the hands of a weakened magistracy must be obvious to anyone. Unfortunately, during the last few years there has been a growing feeling in the country districts that the efficiency of the magisterial bench is not what it used to be; and there is a strong and growing belief that the present system does not enforce or give full effect to the meaning and purpose of the law. The change for the worse is due to other causes than time, though these are not the days when an arrangement which is not exactly "business," but which has worked fairly well under conditions very different from those which make up country life at the present hour, is likely to gain strength by being let alone. But the rural magistracy has not been let alone; it has been subjected to violent criticism and Parliamentary action, and after being condemned on grounds which, if proved—which they were not—

were enough to justify its discontinuance, was set on its legs again, not purged of its alleged transgressions, but with an added dose of infirmity of a different complexion. Parliament decided that the county magistracy was a political machine run in the interests of the Tories. It then claimed, on lines of the most cynical party, expediency, not to abolish or reform this body, but to add *quantum suff.* of the other political party. The late Lord Herschell was set to work to nominate and make sufficient new J.P.'s of the right political colour to give his own side their "fair share." How the Lord Chancellor was flooded with recommendations from the stalwarts of his party, how angry and irritable he became under the infliction, and how at last he was called upon to explain himself for not making them fast enough, and how during all the row the administration of justice and the qualifications for its exercise were clean forgotten—are not all these things on record? However excellent the new blood might be—and often was—this avowal by Parliament that the rural magistracy was to be regarded as in some way a political asset—an avowal which probably no magistrate of the Liberal party would have admitted to be true—dealt a blow to the whole system, from which it has never quite recovered. It was the more crushing because, speaking frankly, it was not deserved. The magistracy was a social preserve to some extent, but people who may have objected to this never suspected political bias on the bench. The idea is utterly repugnant to our notions of a judge. Parliament gave it currency and damaged the body which it still left to give effect to everyday law over the greater part of England. This shock from outside came at an unlucky time. Men of means and education had for years been leaving the country-side owing to agricultural depression. Their place was necessarily taken by others, often of less good position and less education. Often the farmer sits as J.P. instead of the squire; and supposing that he is as well equipped in other respects, men of the class which mainly employs labour do not enjoy that comparative freedom from the insinuation of bias which the man does who lives on his means. It is said that in many cases magistrates, especially borough magistrates, are not as sure of their position as they were. When the "quality" of a bench goes down, the members are nervous, afraid of criticism, weak, and therefore unjust, not to the person prosecuted, but to those who make just complaints of wrong. Hesitation and "non-committal" lines on the bench are responsible for a great amount of petty evil-doing in very many districts. It is easy to appeal from a harsh sentence, but there is practically no chance to get redress for the injury done by a bench which fears to enforce the law at all. Licensing sessions are among the graver subjects of complaint. There are parts of the country where the magistrates are regularly canvassed. The whole system is open to this kind of thing in other matters. The accessibility of local magistrates has sometimes its good side. They are occasionally able to judge cases more satisfactorily because they have local knowledge. But this is a poor substitute for the trained acumen and colourless judgment of a good stipendiary. The amateur magistrate does not get enough practice in his business to make him a competent judge until after a longish apprenticeship on the bench. The stipendiary who has spent his business life, before appointment, in court and in the environment of the law, comes properly equipped, even to his first case. Another and most serious drawback to the present administration of the law in the counties is the want of uniformity, or of any standard and agreement as to interpretation of cases and assessment of penalties. There is no machinery by which magistrates can meet, even by delegates, and decide on common views as to various stated offences. Consequently, even in the same county, one bench will not convict poachers, while another over-sentences them (the former far more common). One bench which knows that one of the greatest losses of farmers is pilfering by the men, very properly regards stealing as stealing, and sentences the carter caught the last time in a hundred filling his pockets with corn, while another dismisses the case and prates about a poor man's loaf. A bench of colliery owners may sentence a man caught with matches in a mine to the utmost penalty permissible, but take lenient views when a collier has been kicking his wife or night poaching on a river. The mischief done in rural districts when the petty law-breakers know that justice is weak, and will not be enforced, is very great. The farmer suffers, the poor suffer, for they have the fewest natural protectors, small property owners suffer, and petty crime flourishes and grows into something worse. The system is cheap. True; but the most expensive thing in this world is bad justice. With the best justice imaginable at the top, we have a weak, though well-meaning, justice at the bottom, for everyday use in rural England. What then is the alternative? Probably that adopted with such success in London and in populous districts. If the counties were granted a body of stipendiary magistrates with proper legal training, and in touch with the general judicial system of the country, they would be pleasanter places than they are now to live in. It would be easy for such a body to exchange views and settle a uniform ruling on any class of offence; they could take action

when an epidemic of some one or other of the current forms of rural crime was growing, and make things uniformly uncomfortable for the chicken stealer, fruit robber, village ruffian, wife deserter, and general law breaker. They would see that the roads were not abused by autocars and traction engines, not enquiring whose autocar or engine was complained of, compare the working of new Acts, lighten sentences where these were ill-drawn, and report bad and lawless counties and districts. That there are such is notorious, and not far from the centre. The late Lord Chief Justice complained in one assize town that it was difficult to find a jury which would do its duty in a criminal case. Badly-administered local justice breeds this kind of callousness.



"RING out the Old, ring in the New!" It is a simple line enough, but it is the despair of poets, Laureate and otherwise, because it is unsurpassable in its simple beauty. Nevertheless, the Poet Laureate has not done amiss in his verses for the Passing of the Century, considering that they are, for all practical purposes, verses to order. There are words and conceits which we dislike in the verses. If, for example, "the lanes are sodden," it is hard to believe that the leafdrifts are dry, which is what "sere" means; "catafalque" is an undertaker's word; the "clammy hands" of the old year sounds nasty; and for the lives of us, not being poets, we cannot imagine why the old century should be masculine and the new century feminine, unless, indeed, there be latent in Mr. Alfred Austin's soul the belief that the new century will see the triumph of women. On the whole, however, every allowance must be made for a poet who may not wait for inspiration, and Mr. Austin may console himself with the thought that time was when his greater predecessor was laughed at for the verses that he wrote in his official capacity.

Moreover, there are lines and phrases, and even stanzas, in the poem which are worthy. "When slanted and slashed the rifles rain" is good, albeit part of a somewhat mixed metaphor; "Her waywardness chasten, her fate control," is a fine line; and the sixth stanza, with the single exception of the fifth line, which simply cannot be pronounced melodiously, rings true and strong. Here it is:

"Yet mind her dawn of the dark, for she,
She too must pass 'neath the lych-gate porch;
And give to her keeping the vestal Torch,
That may oft-time smoulder, and sometimes scorch,
But rebrighens and burns eternally:
The beacon on land and the star at sea,
When the night is murk, and the mist is dense,
To guide us Whither, remind us Whence,
The Soul's own lamp through the shades of sense.
She must tread the Unknown the dead year trod;
Though rugged the road, yet the goal is God,
And the will of all-wise Omnipotence."

Mr. Austin has done nothing for many a long day. Meanwhile we have a suggestion to make gratis to the powers that be. It is, in effect, that Pegasus, in the shape of the Poet Laureate, from time to time be ordered to wear regulation harness, that is to say, be restricted to one metre—the heroic. That metre has a certain stiffness and formality which is appropriate, even as a cloak for lack of inspiration, when a poet does not select his own theme. Moreover, there is precedent at Oxford, where the prize English verse of the year must be written in that metre, and it has been shown, now and again, that, harness notwithstanding, Pegasus will be Pegasus still. "Heard ye the arrow hurtle through the sky," was a poem written to order in heroics; it will take a lot of beating.

So Lord William Beresford has passed away in the prime of life, but it has been well written of him that he crammed more life into little more than the last half of the dead century than many

another man has contrived to crowd into three-quarters of it. All the sons of the fourth Marquess of Waterford have been men of exceptional vigour and energy and courage, keen sportsmen, gallant sailors or soldiers, and ready to serve their country in any way that came to their hand. Lord William Leslie De La Poer Beresford played many parts in this world, and played them all with a zest. From Eton he went in the ordinary course into the 9th Lancers. From 1875 to 1894 he was first Aide-de-camp and then Military Secretary to successive Viceroy of India, and all of them were loud in praise of the tact and the geniality and the energy which made him an invaluable companion. He fought against the Afridis in 1877; he won his Victoria Cross in the Zulu War of 1879 by an act which Archibald Forbes, who was no flatterer, described as the bravest he had ever seen done by man; he distinguished himself in the Afghan campaigns of 1878 and 1880.

When at last, after twenty years' service in India, he came home, he married Lilian Duchess of Marlborough, who was originally daughter of Commander Price of the United States Navy, and they were blessed with a son in 1897. Above all things Lord William Beresford was a manly Irish gentleman and a keen sportsman, addicted to the Turf in the best sense of the words. For some years past he had been high in the list of winning owners, for the last two years he had been within an ace of the top of it, and he contributed very largely to the success of American jockeys in this country by mounting them upon splendid horses. He owned this year's Derby favourite also, but we observe that for some technical reason the horse will be able to run. Lord William Beresford's preference for American jockeys may have been due in some measure to his marriage, and it was a mixed blessing, for, if the American jockeys have taught our jockeys something in judgment of pace, they have also caused some unpleasantness. He was also much enamoured of the American trotter, and of his splendid 16h. grey Piloter it was said, last year in the *Times*, that "he seemed to embody the very poetry of motion." In a word, Lord William Beresford was a man who had equal zest for honest work and hard fighting and for honest sport, and the world can ill spare him.

Lord Roberts finds his Queen and country rejoicing at his return, but hardly in the best of spirits over other things. For one thing, the tone of Lord Kitchener's despatch concerning the disaster at Helvetia makes it quite clear that he is about to institute a searching enquiry, and we happen to know that the *Standard* is not speaking at random when it says "these too frequent surrenders of British troops continue to be wrapped in mystery." Then there is the very unpleasant affair of Sir Henry Colville, which, unfortunately, calls for a note all to itself.

Quite apart from what happened at Lindley, where, for all that we know, Sir Henry Colville may have been quite blameless, we confess ourselves totally unable to see his recent action in such a light as will enable us to excuse it. Rightly or wrongly, he was called upon to resign, and he refused. When, therefore, Sir Henry met Reuter's enterprising correspondent and made a statement to him, which statement (as the *Times* tells us) was carefully revised and settled by Sir Henry Colville, the latter was in Her Majesty's Service. Had he resigned he might have said what he pleased; not having resigned, he had plainly no right to make a long statement reflecting on the staff. Beyond that there is a prevailing tone about the statement which we dislike exceedingly. "Had I been one who had established some sort of reputation against savages, and had failed throughout this campaign, I should have had no complaint to make," is not a nice thing to say. If Sir Evelyn Wood's letter could not be quoted because it was marked "Confidential," it was questionable conduct to state its effect. "I cannot admit that military operations should be influenced by questions of social position, or that the safety of 500 Yeomanry (millionaires though some of them might be) was of more importance than that of 4,000 Highlanders, or the success or failure of an important military movement." The italics are ours, and they serve to explain, without further comment, why the warm sympathy which we felt for a distinguished officer, whose career seemed to have been cut off abruptly, has now fallen many degrees below zero.

The "interview" between General Sir Henry Colville and Reuter's correspondent is now spoken of as a memorandum, and the world is reminded that the General had no need to employ a "ghost," because he published twenty-one years ago a "Ride in Petticoats and Slippers," and four years ago "The Land of the Nile Springs." But the "ghost" theory was never really tenable, for any competent "ghost" would certainly have warned Sir Henry that he was placing himself in a very false position by acting as he has acted, and that the tone of his memorandum and his cheap sneers at Lord Kitchener and the Yeomanry would put him out of court from the point of view of

public opinion. One abiding maxim of English justice would have been in his favour. *Nemo bis vexari debet pro eadem causa* is an essentially just principle.

It has been no small gratification to us to receive from Captain C. E. Radclyffe, who is now attached to the 1st Royal Dragoons in South Africa, an appreciative letter in relation to the article on hawking, founded upon his hawks and those of Mr. Blaine, which appeared in COUNTRY LIFE of November 3rd. We were not wrong in thinking that many a time on the veldt his thoughts had gone back to Dorsetshire, and he had yearned to see his hawks mount and wait, or to take his part in a big shoot. Incidentally, of course, it has been a result of the war that almost every big shooting party has been spoiled, and that the rocketers have been missed and tailored more than in any year since the pheasant was introduced into England. The prevailing tone of Captain Radclyffe's letter, and of all officers from the front whom we have met, is that of intense weariness. There is no glory to be got in South Africa now; the world is bored with the war; and public sympathy is in danger of getting into the same state towards the men who are still fighting and working as the Americans have reached long ago in relation to their army in the Philippines.

Very dull indeed is the list of New Year honours. Not a single peerage will date from the first day of the new century, and of the Baronetcies the number is normal and the recipients are ordinary. The marvel about the first of the new Baronets, now Sir John Aird, is that he had not a title before, for he is decidedly among the first of our princes of industry and commerce. Sir William Selby Church is precisely the kind of man who ought to be a Baronet. At the head of the medical profession, he has always practised for sheer love of the healing art, for he is possessed of considerable landed estate and of a house in Hertfordshire. Remarkably level-headed and uncompromisingly straightforward, he was the right man in the right place as a member of the Hospitals Commission. Lady Church, it may be added, is a very keen gardener, and knows more about plants than many persons who write about them.

A good many of us had wondered how Mr. Knowles would cope with the fact that the century which gave its title to the leading Monthly Review must, in the course of time, end. The lapse into the simple title *Twentieth Century* was denied to him, for somebody registered the title in advance, and the *Twentieth Century*, in italics, lived and died before it became a reality in Roman characters. But the *Nineteenth Century*, in italics, was too good a title to be lost, and the addition of the words *and After* was practically the only way out of the difficulty, and the plate representing a two-faced Janus is particularly appropriate during the present month. The January number makes a fine start with an excellent and prophetic poem by Mr. Stephen Phillips. Here is an extract:

"I will make me a city of gliding and wide-wayed silence,
With a highway of glass and of gold,
With life of a coloured peace and a lucid leisure
Of smooth electrical ease;
Of sweet excursion of noiseless and brilliant travel,
With room in your streets for the soul."

But we fear that there is a good deal to be learned by the mechanicians and the men of science before the dream can be realised.

Streets must be widened, of course, and ancient landmarks must disappear, but we confess that it was not without a pang that, walking down Fleet Street the other day, we saw the announcement that the office of *Punch* was doomed to pass into the hands of the gentlemen who are known in trade parlance as "housebreakers," yet are as honest as any other class of men. The old building is dingy; the new one will no doubt be smart and spacious and clean; but the shades of Mark Lemon and Shirley Brooks, and Leech, and Keene, and Thackeray will hardly care to haunt it. But their spirit will endure for ever, and Mr. Burnand and his merry men may be sure of popular favour in their new home, wherever or whatsoever they may make it. May the Mahogany Tree flourish for ever!

Sir Walter Gilbey has lately addressed to the *Times* a very interesting and valuable letter on the breeding of horses. It is a subject on which no one can speak with higher authority. The gist of Sir Walter's remarks is that our present aims in breeding in this country are not sufficiently practical. He contrasts our methods with those of the continental nations, where they are succeeding, especially in Hungary, whilst we are failing, in breeding a class of horse that is practically and constantly useful. The chief reason, as stated by Sir Walter Gilbey, is that, for the most part, our breeders look at the thing as an amusement rather than as a business. They give all their attention to

thorough-breds, and, in selecting a thorough-bred sire, look only to his pedigree, and not to his size and shape. The result is that we get some animals of the very highest quality and a fairly large proportion of what Sir Walter calls "misfits," which are good for nothing. He deprecates any Government interference with private enterprise in horse-breeding, but points out that the Government demand for a useful type of horse increases, and that this type can be bred with profit if breeders will make their selection for shape and size rather than for pedigree. At present we import a number—many thousands annually—of a useful class of horse which it would pay well to breed in this country. Sir Walter Gilbey's suggestions deserve every attention.

Hunting and shooting men, and for that matter all landowners, will feel grateful to the Hon. Mark Rolle for his sportsmanlike act in prosecuting at Bideford, under the Ground Game Act, a number of farmers and others convicted of laying gin traps in the open instead of setting them, if they must be set, in hedges, hedgerows, and at the mouths of rabbit holes. In the course of the proceedings it transpired that quite recently a pack of foxhounds in North Devon ran across a meadow adjacent to one in which no less than seventy gins were set in the open. What would have happened had the pack got amongst these traps may well be imagined. The Hon. Mark Rolle spoke very strongly, though none too strongly, on the subject, and went so far as to hint that he hoped to see the day when the gin trap would be entirely abolished. There are many thousands of sportsmen and sportswomen who also long for the abolition of the cruel steel trap, but, unfortunately, the day when the abominable instrument of torture will be done away with for good and all appears still to be far distant. For setting these traps in the open, the two farmers living near Bideford have just been fined £2 each, while four other men, proved to have set in the open from fourteen to thirty traps each, have been similarly fined. It is to be hoped that the infliction of the comparatively heavy penalties will have the effect of lessening, to some extent, a practice that has lately been steadily spreading in many rural districts in Great Britain as well as in Ireland.

Here is a list of flowers blooming in Shropshire on Christmas Day, given by a correspondent of the *Standard*: Anemone (various), rose (various), chrysanthemum, primrose (two kinds), polyanthus, auricula, pansy, cornflower, scabious, marguerite (two kinds), antirrhinum, wallflower, berberis, laurustinus, pink silene, white alyssum, Canadian nemophila, and ivy-leaved toadflax. He adds that the position is high and exposed, as to which we have to say that it is common knowledge that frost is felt, when there is any, more severely in the hollow than on the hills, probably because the hollows are damp. But the real champion performance of this extraordinary and very unpleasant winter is the dish of new potatoes, from the open in December, cited by a correspondent of the *Times*. Let us who are garden-lovers trust that we may not have to pay the penalty in late frosts, in a hard winter born too late. Yet if we do not pay it in that way, we shall certainly do so in green fly and caterpillars innumerable.

"Kissing is a barbarous, insanitary custom, worse than drinking, and should be rigidly abolished. No person should kiss another without first using an antiseptic wash on the mouth to destroy bacteria. As for the moral bacteria, that is even more dangerous. Girls are not taught to view a kiss with awe, as they once were. Engaged persons should be allowed only one kiss at the time of betrothal. Mothers of to-day are to blame for imbuing their children with the kissing vice. Many children are literally kissed to death." *Ay de mi!* How terrible are the risks which, according to Dr. Anne Hatfield of the Women's Christian Temperance Union (U.S.A.), most of us have run. But familiarity has bred contempt, and men and women, and mothers and children, will go on running these risks. Besides, the lady doctor is so ignorant of little things that we suspect her knowledge of greater things. Kissing is civilised, not barbarous. Savages rub noses, and no doubt hand on to one another colds in the head. "Bacteria" is plural, not singular. Moreover, the gorse is not out of blossom; when it is we may begin to regard Dr. Hatfield seriously, carrying with us always a solution of permanganate of potash and a sponge.

It is rather a sharp commentary on our civilisation that a man should cite as a matter-of-course explanation of his carrying a loaded revolver the fact that he lived in Blackfriars. Yet this was the statement calmly made in a recent police-court in a case where the witness had freed himself from the attentions of some Hooligans by firing his revolver in the air. One is almost inclined to be sorry that it was so innocently pointed. The trouble about this pistol carrying, apart from the scandal on civilisation that it constitutes, is that it seems likely to bring matters to an *impasse* between ruffianism and the law. The law forbids the carrying of loaded firearms, yet the inhabitants of the

metropolis are obliged to carry firearms for their personal safety, which the law fails to secure for them. And if the law overlooks this carrying of arms by respectable people, how is it to forbid their carrying by the ruffian? The upshot of it all is that the free use of the "cat" and the severest prison discipline will have to be the portion of the Hooligan, or else parts of our capital will be in about the same rank for security of person and property as the Chinese quarter of San Francisco.

Sir Harry Johnston's recent visit to the Congo Free State and to Mount Ruwenzori has had results of very much more than common interest. He has seen, with his own responsible official eyes, not only one, but two tribes of those pygmies about whose very existence men have eagerly speculated almost ever since Herodotus wrote the delightful stories that we call his history. Both of the pygmy families seem to show ape-like

characteristics, with flat wide noses and long flat upper lips, but both are of a cheerful temperament, and of intelligence apparently superior to that of some bigger races. There is one race of black and another of red pygmies, even as there were black Elphbergs and red Elphbergs. No traveller, we believe, has indicated this division of the pygmy race before this journey of Sir Harry Johnston. Moreover, he has found unmistakable evidence of the existence of that strange equine creature, between horse and zebra, inhabiting the Congo forests, of which Mr. Stanley picked up some hints many years ago. The gorilla and chimpanzee live in these forests. The journey to Mount Ruwenzori yielded several new kinds of birds, plants—the giant groundsel and a tree heath 50ft. high—a new monkey, and a new antelope. We can scarcely think that any journey of such comparatively modest length has brought science so many novelties.

OLD HOUSES IN KENT AND SUSSEX.

IT is no easy matter to discover by analysis whence comes the charm of those pleasant old houses that still are to be found in most of the rural districts of England. Yet the eye lingers on them as it does on the natural landscape, into which indeed time has almost caused them to be absorbed. Age of itself makes for harmony. Take a stone house, for example, near a rocky bit of coast. It is washed by the same rains, swept by the same winds, shone on by the same sun as the cliff beside it, and therefore after a period begins at the least to catch a little of the same colour. One has often noticed that even the hideous railway stations in some of the wilder parts of Scotland in the course of a decade or two get weathered into a kind of harmony with the wild moor. This has been the case very much more with the homesteads in the very charming book before us, "Old Cottages and Farmhouses in Kent and Sussex," most skilfully photographed by W. Galsworthy Davie, instructively prefaced by E. Guy Dawber, and published by B. T. Batsford. One doubts if the red brick villas of the Victorian era, were they to last till eternity, could possibly gain an equal charm. And this may in part be accounted for by a change of conditions. The cottages here pictured are not so old as to be of the highest antiquarian interest. As the architect most truly says, the huts and hovels allotted to labour in the Middle Ages, "owing to the poverty of their material and the fragile manner of their construction, have long since disappeared." As a matter of fact we have only to turn to Walter de Henley to see how ill labour was housed in the past. There it is said that the shepherd shall sleep with his sheep, he and his dog, the horseman with his horses, the cowman with his cows. Yet assuming that the date is much more modern still, how much the building world has changed. The architecture in the first place was primitive, and had no conventions, good or bad. In more lordly buildings, cathedral, castle, palace, you have an imported taste, so that the style over Europe, if not invariably the same, is always related. But these dwellings for the most part seem to have been put up by a builder who had only a few simple traditions to go by and was guided chiefly by the desire to make a useful livable house. He had no false notions of ornament. Then for material it was necessary, when carriage was more

difficult and expensive, to utilise the materials at hand, bricks only where there was clay, wood from the adjacent plantation, stone from the nearest quarry, and thatch from the wheatfield. But that in itself made for harmony, as it was almost impossible for the homely materials to be out of keeping with their surroundings, whereas in our day, and with our rage for cheapness, everything is taken from everywhere, so that it is not uncommon to see such an anomaly as a red brick villa staring and flaring out of a landscape tinted darkly with moss and heather. Then, until very recently, the studious and artistic architect was reserved for the more ambitious work only; those who planned the mid-Victorian cottages and farmhouses were the mechanical ruck found towards the bottom of every profession, with just such an inkling of knowledge as made them pretentious. We believe that a better era is dawning now, and could name a number of architects who are bringing intelligent new ideas to bear on this portion of their craft. And they will find much to interest them in this volume. We wish it had been practicable, however, to show the situation of the houses. Everyone must have been struck with the admirable sites chosen for the small homesteads of yore, and yet in all probability usefulness was the guiding motive. Many of the houses were put up for the yeomen and small holders who abounded last century. They liked to be near water, and when threshing machines were invented, preferred, above all else, a brook they could dam and run into a sluice for the purpose of turning their great wheels. In a district we know well every lovely little homestead stands by running water. They liked a grove of leafy elms to be near, for shade and shelter. On a hill the search for comfort seems

always to have directed them to the finest spot. It will be remembered that neither the class nor the time doted on the picturesque or raved about "a glory in the grass, a splendour in the flower." We do gush about these things and search for them, but often fruitlessly. The fact lost sight of is that in appropriateness itself lies a very high kind of beauty. Those who built these dwellings looked for the former and found the latter.

It must not be thought that the photographer has confined his attention to cottages, though it is difficult to say



COTTAGES AT PULBOROUGH, SUSSEX.

exactly what a cottage is. Indeed, the first two pictures represent the fine old manor house at Pattenden, which was built for the standard-bearer of Henry VIII., and thus dates from the sixteenth century. To it, to the old inns, and to most of the farmhouse pictures the remark that there is no architecture does not apply. They are proportioned throughout and planned by people to whom the simple ideas of their time were not unknown. Mr. Guy Dawber points out with the learning of his profession and the spirit of an artist the beauties that will appeal to an instructed eye, and some of the more noteworthy windows, chimney stacks, angle posts, brackets, and so forth are figured in his introduction, which will well repay careful reading. I am not concerned here to go into these details, but one cannot turn the pages without being struck with the same old-world charm that hangs about the best of our villages, the gentle tranquil repose, the evident feeling of home. That is what the modern builder finds most difficult to impart. His red brick villa seems to spell apartments, lodgings, yearly tenants, or at the best three-year leases, never the thought that here on this spot children will be born and live and die. Our houses reflect far too much of the hurry and restlessness of the age. There is then much to learn even from the humblest buildings of the past, and Mr. Batsford is to be congratulated on his enterprise in getting this volume printed. It is pleasant to know that he meditates the treatment of other districts in the same way, so that we have a right to expect a series of lovely books on the subject.

P. ANDERSON GRAHAM.

OUR FRONTISPIECE.

LADY HESKETH, whose portrait forms our frontispiece, is the wife of Sir Thomas George Fermor Hesketh, the seventh Baronet, of Rufford Hall, Ormskirk, Lancashire. She is the daughter of the late William Sharon of Nevada, Senator of the U.S.A.

HABITS OF GAME—XIV.

THE difference between the 1,100 woodcocks killed in a single day on Heligoland, an island only a mile square, and the best recorded bags in Ireland is so great as to be out of all proportion. Lord Ardilaun's record day of 205 birds at Ashford, wonderful as it is, in coverts in the neighbourhood of the best possible feeding ground and the mildest climate in Ireland, sinks into nothing by comparison with the butchering of these storm-driven Heligoland birds. Lord Ardilaun, by the way, having become possessed of Muckross, has the two record estates for woodcocks in the British Isles. There Lord Wemyss, when Lord Elcho, killed twenty-five couple to his own gun in a single day, and in ten days in that winter, 1863-64, there were killed by an average of five guns no less than 840 cock on the estate, nor was that a clean sweep by any means, as there were 1,250 birds killed there that season. In "The Fowler in Ireland," Sir Ralph Gallwey gives evidence and authority for it, which tends to show that woodcocks, like salmon, have been greatly decreasing in Ireland as the seasons progress. The killing of great numbers at any one place to which they have been driven by stress of weather is no proof either way. Then, they are not always shot in the coverts, but are found wherever there is running water to keep the ground soft, and they are also found and killed on the seashore. But it is not certain that they are decreasing; at any rate, since his book was written the record day's bag for Ireland has been made, and that record for a party named at the beginning of this article. I imagine that the thirty-eight couple killed by the Duke of Roxburghe in a single day, at Muckross, must be about the record one day's bag for a single gun in this country. It would seem strange if woodcocks were not decreasing, for the number of gunners all over Europe is enormously increasing.

In Scotland, I do not think that anybody could now find enough woodcocks to enable the best hawks that were ever trained to kill forty-nine in one week, as is recorded of his own birds by Colonel Thornton, who flourished at the end of the last century. Now, it is not very usual to find woodcock in Scotland in positions which are entirely free from trees, and they must have been so found to enable the falcons to kill them; this was in the neighbourhood of Loch Lomond. A woodcock is by no means an easy bird for a falcon to kill; the most beautiful description ever penned is one by Major Fisher. This describes a flight at



COTTAGES AT SWANSTON STREET, KENT.

woodcock by one of his own falcons, not far away from the scene of Colonel Thornton's wonderful performance. As serving to show how this owl-like bird can fly when he knows he must, and also to make it clear what Colonel Thornton's hawks really had to do to make the forty-nine score in seven days, it is only necessary to read that passage. The facts were that the falcon had a chase which took both birds clean out of sight, over a sea loch in Argyllshire; the falcon, starting from below, kept that position all the way until lost to view; then, after some time, the birds came in sight again, and came back, but the falcon this time above the woodcock, which, finding it could not reach the opposite shore, had turned. The falcon, though in a position to stoop, would not do so until the water was passed, probably fearing the loss of her game in the water; but the moment they were over the land down came the falcon, and dead fell the poor cock, in the very gorse bush from which she had been started to race for her life. It is curious that although the slow woodcock will often show a turn of speed when put up to the guns for the second or third time, they always do so at the first flush in frosty weather when they are found by the side of running water, evidently showing that they have not had their full night's food, and that hunger makes them very smart fliers. We are told that in some places on the coast of the South-West of England they arrive in very low condition; but I have not succeeded in finding any sportsmen who have shot amongst a newly-arrived flight of woodcocks and found them either partly starved or quick on the wing, as they are in the first frosts when they take to the margins of the streams before making tracks for better quarters. The term cocker spaniel implies that at one time these spaniels were kept for shooting cocks over, and that again implies that the birds were more plentiful than pheasants, for which the same dogs were used. But that does not imply, necessarily, that woodcocks were more plentiful in the last century than now, or at any time when spaniels could have been used to flush them, as they were for falconry before the introduction of shooting flying; but, on the contrary, that by comparison with the woodcocks of that time the number of pheasants was small, as it certainly was, compared with the numbers now kept and reared. Thus, in 1793, on the famous Holkham Estate, where they now kill 4,000 head in a week and think nothing of it, there were but 262 pheasants killed in the whole season, and it would be very interesting to learn from old game books in various parts of the country at just what period the pheasants began to outnumber the woodcocks. The outgrowth occurred not only by reason of the preservation and increase of the pheasants, but because woodcock do not like pheasant neighbours; at least, they are generally supposed not to like them. There are records of bags of pheasant made early in the century in which no woodcocks whatever appeared, although snipe were killed and recorded too, and this does not look as if cock were any more plentiful than they are now. But, on the other hand, there is a general impression that the birds were more plentiful, and there is another belief that the numbers of birds which breed in this country, Ireland and Scotland as well, are larger than they were; that does not say that these add to the number in the winter shooting, and do not migrate from us as our visitors do to us.

St. John was one of the first to record the breeding of woodcocks in Scotland, as he was also the first to speak of their habit of carrying their young in their feet. I have never seen this, and although it has been described and illustrated, those who have seen it do not agree upon how it is done. Indeed it is almost impossible to believe that anyone can have had a good view of the parent bird carrying the young out to feed; for the outward journey is always performed after dark and the return before it is light. It seems possible to believe that when woodcocks have been disturbed nursing their young in the daytime they may accidentally have carried a young one some way, just as all birds have been seen to do; some even have carried an egg for a few yards before dropping it after being disturbed off their nests, and it may be that this has led people to believe that they have seen how the woodcock carries its young naturally; this again has led the great bird artist, J. Wolf, to depict the woodcock in flight and carrying her young, as it appears in the *Zoologist*. Some of these observers think they have seen the bird holding the young by pressing it between the bill and the breast, others assert that it is carried between the thighs, and others believe that the toes clasp it as the talons of a falcon clasp its prey. It is urged in favour of the first that it would be easy, as woodcocks always fly

with their bills pointing downwards; that is true enough, in spite of nearly all artists to the contrary; but they also fly like all other birds, with their necks outstretched, and that does not make for the theory. It seems probable that a good many of the natural history pictures drawn now will look as strange and unnatural to the next generation as the majority of those before and even long after Bewick's time look to us. However woodcocks really do carry their young, it is agreed that they do it somehow, but it may be doubted whether they always carry them. I have shot young woodcocks in August in Scotland in birch coverts growing by the margins of streams and lochs, where there were always soft places only removed by a few yards from any part of the covert, and where the necessity for carrying the young seemed not to exist in the driest month in the year. In America, July is the month for the sport of woodcock shooting; but the birds are not then either first-rate sport or first-rate eating. In such places as those described above the birds rise close to the shooter as a rule, only fly a few chains before settling again, and are generally easily seen. On the contrary, the man who succeeds in killing woodcock without the assistance of beaters or spaniels to drive them out of the coverts, those that they most like, in the winter months, has no reason to be ashamed of his performance. The best of this kind of sport is to be had over a setter trained to woodcocks or over a spaniel of the close ranging order.

On one occasion, in a big fir wood in Devonshire, I was entering a setter to cock, and I happened to get two birds down together, so did she—down her throat; I was up in time to withdraw one of them by a leg before it had totally disappeared. This was a more curious and encouraging experience than I had expected, for as a rule dogs do not take kindly to the taste of woodcocks and snipe, and many retrievers, if not all, object to carrying them until they are forced to do so. On that particular occasion I killed five cock over the setter in an hour, but it was always a scramble to get the bird before it was eaten. I had selected that particular setter for the work because she was partly unbroken and would do nothing well but point. I am inclined to think there are very few pointers, setters, or spaniels in the country that are properly entered to woodcock, and it is very little use looking for these birds with dogs unless they have been trained to prefer to find a woodcock to hunting the line of a hare, a pheasant, or to messing about after rabbits. If they do either of these, and they generally do all of them, they will pass by woodcock within a few yards, and unless the gunner's presence flushes the birds the dogs will not, except they nearly tread on them by accident. A wounded woodcock runs too, and wants finding, although I am not inclined to believe that even the beaters and their sticks make woodcock run much before they are flushed, and I am sure a single gunner and his dog do not. That is another good reason for calling spaniels cockers instead of pheasant dogs, for although old painters, like modern ones, preferred showing the pheasant to the woodcock flushed by the spaniel, it may be observed a cock pheasant was always selected, probably with as much reason for the choice of sex as for the choice of species. It was not exactly wrong, and yet artistic licence and love of colour prevented the pictures being characteristic of the sport; for although wild spaniels constantly flush pheasants, these pictures always show the man walking up to his close ranging spaniels. The present race of old cock pheasants, such as are depicted, would lead such dogs over half-a-dozen parishes before they would get near enough to flush.

ARGUS OLIVE.

TO THE NEW CENTURY.

COME in, come in, Sir Stranger! yes, here are sounds of mirth,

Ah! not so bad a hostel is this old inn, the Earth;
The fire is blazing brightly, the punch is on the brew;
Move up there in the ingle; come, friend, here's room for you.

You've swept along the Milky Way? You've slipped Orion's belt?
You're on your way to Vega, where heaven and earth shall melt?
And now halfway, you vagrant, you've dropped to moor and fen,
To wander on this tiny star, and mix with mortal men.

Well, make yourself at home, Sir, we're rough but kindly folk,
Indifferent honest, clumsy, and stubborn as our oak;
But take us as you find us, and when your term is o'er,
Go back to Him who sent you, and we will pay the score.

And now fling off your wrappings; you're toasted thro' and thro',
Here's steaming punch, Sir Stranger, take it—we drink to you!
A merry sojourn, youngster, in this good ancient inn—
And may you find the heart of good beneath the smirch of sin.

Strange! I've been sitting here for long and you are newly come;
I'm full of tale and legend, and you—you're dazed and dumb:
But you'll be in the ingle still, loud-voiced, eyes keen and bright,
When I set down an empty glass, and slip into the night,

When I and boon companions who have loved our ancient inn,
Pass out into the silence from this merry clashing din,
To the silence and the darkness, to the terrors of the night,
While our sons chink glasses with you in the warmth and in the light.

HAROLD BEBBIE.

THE HERO OF THE HOUR.

OUR title needs no explanation, the portrait which suggests it and inspires these lines really requires no title, for no features are more familiar to the public eye than those of the war-worn but still active leader of armies, whom the Queen and her sons and her people have delighted to honour this week. His has been indeed a wonderful career, the history of the early part of which he has himself recorded in a book at once dignified and modest, written, we may take it, when he dreamed not that there were worlds still left for him to conquer. His has indeed been a life of wonderful

variety and triumph. Born in 1832, he passed through Eton, Sandhurst, and Woolwich, and entered the Bengal Artillery in 1851. He was present at the storming of Delhi, the capture of Cawnpore, and the relief of Lucknow, and he won his V.C. at Khodagunj. Then, after frontier fighting, he was Quarter-Master-General of the Bengal Brigade in Abyssinia. After that came his two Afghan campaigns, culminating in the great march to Kandahar, concerning which Moltke and Skobelev—no general could wish keener critics—were full of outspoken admiration. In the next year he was to encounter grievous disappointment. In 1881, as in 1899, he was sent to South Africa to give the Boers a lesson, but peace had been concluded before, bitterly disappointed, he reached the shores of Natal. Time was to give him his revenge, but in the meanwhile he was to win golden opinions as Commander-in-Chief in India and in Burmah, and as Commander-in-Chief in Ireland. Then in the closing days of 1899, when the country's needs were sore, and in spite of the greatest sorrow that can fall to a soldier, the loss of a gallant son, he responded to the call of patriotism, and led a victorious army to Pretoria through a country of which we at home can never fully appreciate the difficulties. Now he is back again, and at nearly seventy years of age he is expected to clean out the Augean stable of the War Office. He will succeed, so far as success is humanly attainable, partly because his vigour is far greater than his years would seem to allow, partly because he carries with him the qualities which have made him great. They are noble ambition and commanding genius in the first place; and in the next place such a combination of firmness and gentleness and consideration as has rarely been found in any man of our generation. Above all things he will have the support of the nation and of the rank and file of the Army, for whose comfort he has always been actively solicitous. Woe betide any Minister who should attempt to thwart "Bobs" in any scheme of reform which commends itself to him. Lastly, what will the nation do for him? It will do anything that it can—it will shower on him riches, honours, estates, power; but it



"The King."

LORD ROBERTS.

Copyright

cannot make him other than a sorrow-stricken man who, out of sheer sense of duty, is devoting his life to his country when all the joy is fled from his heart. Let us be grateful accordingly, and let us console ourselves by the thought that there is no anodyne comparable to honest work well done.

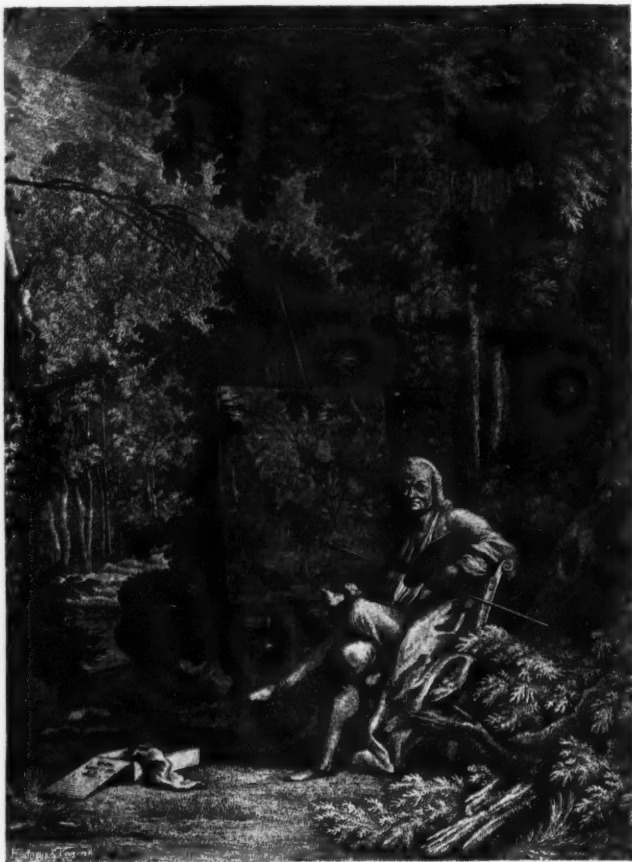
By the courtesy of the editor of the *King* we are enabled to publish an excellent photograph of Lord Roberts.

SPORT TWO CENTURIES AGO.

WHAT Landseer accomplished for the animal world and for the sportsmen of the

Scotch Highlands in the present century, what Stradanus was for the sixteenth, and Snyders for the seventeenth, that Ridinger was for the eighteenth century. Indeed, so far as prolificness was concerned, he far outpaced any of the three, for it is probably quite safe to say that the number of Ridinger's works equals, if it does not exceed, the total produced by the three painters that have been named. To have created in the course of about forty-five years of activity with pencil and graver some 1,500 pictures, principally of deer, dogs, and horses, or of scenes connected with sport in which these animals took a leading part, is, numerically considered, a feat that surpasses most other records. True, it is one which, taken by itself, speaks more eloquently for the master's diligence than for the quality of his work, were it not for the fact that Ridinger invariably worked on a much smaller scale than did either Snyders or Landseer. Those gigantic canvases of Snyders, representing with wearisome uniformity boar and deer hunts, known to all visitors of continental galleries, our diligent Augsburg master rigorously eschewed. By far the larger number of his drawings could be covered by an opened sheet of foolscap, while the picture resting on the easel in the first illustration is larger than most of his productions.

In this picture we see Ridinger as an elderly man, drawn by himself, seated amid the sylvan surroundings to which he was so devotedly attached, and which he never failed, where at all possible, to introduce into his designs. Born in the year 1698,



PORTRAIT OF JOHANN ELIAS RIDINGER, 1698-1767.

(By Himself)

for tradesmen and inns, the painting of hatchments and crests, the coating of domestic furniture with paint, or the adornment of Gretchen's bridal chest with fantastic baroque tracing. It was not every artist's luck to serve a Faithorn, who, we are told, gave the tireless Hollar constant work at the munificent rate of twopence an hour, and expected him to conscientiously turn over the hour-glass whenever he was interrupted in his work, or, as was Cranach's fortune, to be employed by a free-

scarcely three months subsequent to one of his most famous contemporary brother artists, William Hogarth, one is struck by the similarity which exists between the early lives of these two representative painters of Germany and England. Both were born to the narrowest, if not hopelessly, poverty-stricken *entourage*, for the dark little alley in the mediæval fortress of Ulm, in which the former uttered his first baby cry, was, we may well suppose, as sun-starved and as lost to artistic influences as was the squalid London street in which the latter, as the son of a lowly artisan and erst unsuccessful schoolmaster, first saw the gloom of a November day.

The great harts roaming through ducal forests, the gay scenes of princely sport in sylvan glades, the curvetting steeds mounted by great lords or fair dames, subjects which a quarter of a century later Ridinger's hand had learnt to depict with rare skill and faithfulness, must have seemed as infinitely remote from the German youth's dingy home surroundings as were the scenes of aristocratic follies and fashionable vice from those of young Hogarth. The low regard in which art was still held obliged the rising genius to depend for his daily bread upon the craftsmanlike employment of his art, such as designing signs



THE DEATH OF THE STAG.

handed ducal mistress, who paid him the generous sum of two florins for gilding the tines of six pairs of mighty stags' antlers that hung in her chamber.

Ridinger, like Hogarth, was apprenticed at an early age—he was not yet fourteen—to a worthy master painter of his native city. An amusing account of Ridinger's life in the house of the worthy Meister Resch is given in the biography published by Ridinger's sons. Mistress Resch, for she ruled the roost, was a good housewife of the ancient type to whom books were objects

for the emoluments that rewarded genius were of the very humblest extent, and Hollar's wage of twopence an hour was probably more than Ridinger earned at the beginning of his career. To be quite just, we must not fail to recognise that the peculiar taste of the period in relation to sport opened a wide field for Ridinger's talent, to which it seemed expressly fitted. Had there been no demand for his pictures, showing the various manners in which the great lords of Germany hunted the stag and the boar, of the hounds they used, of the horses they rode,

or of the falcons they flew, Ridinger would probably have left us some score of insipid still-life scenes, and some dozens of portraits of worthy but long-forgotten Augsburg burghers.

The statement made at the beginning that Ridinger produced some 1,500 works, needs some slight qualification, for quite a number of engravings, known as Ridinger's, were not designed, drawn, and engraved by his hand. His two sons, notably Martin, engraved many of his drawings, with results far less satisfactory than if the father had handled the graver as well as the pencil or brush.

Many of the best original copper-plates of Ridinger are still in existence, and impressions are drawn off to this day, though the principal demand is confined to old impressions, which find a ready sale all over Germany, in France, and America. Few chateaux or

country mansions in Germany are without a row of his spirited hunting scenes to adorn corridors, gun-rooms, or halls. To the historian, sportsman, and naturalist, Ridinger's prints afford an endless field for study. The extreme accuracy with which the methodical artist worked, and the habit he had of giving all interesting or unusual details in the legends underneath the pictures, which occasionally extend to several hundred words in length, supply us with highly-interesting material. His deer and other forest animals are generally very life-like, his stags when drawn in full flight being spirited as well as faithful pictures. In no detail can Ridinger's accuracy be better



STALKING THE STAG.

of abhorrence. When her spouse on one occasion was tempted to invest his hard-won guilders in the then new and much-praised architectural work by Sandrart, the great folio volumes had to be smuggled into the house without her knowledge. This was achieved by the young apprentice, and he was rewarded by his grateful master by receiving the permission to study the coveted pages every morning from 5 a.m. until 7 a.m., at which hour work in the shop begun, and he had to return to his daily drudgery of rubbing colours, washing brushes, and other apprentices' duties of a similar menial nature. It does not surprise us to hear that the perusal of Sandrart's enthusiastic descriptions of the beautiful pictures and buildings in Italy inflamed the ardent youth's mind, and that he resolved to fly from dull Ulm to seek the scenes of which he daily dreamt. His escapade was not destined, however, to succeed, for hard cash was scarce, and though sorely tempted to break open his savings-box, he withstood the temptation, and made his escape with hardly enough money in his purse to pay for his first night's quarters. The result was easy to foretell, and a hungry and very dejected youth could have been seen slinking back to his native city, just managing to reach the fortress gates before they were closed for the night.

The parting between master and pupil when, some time afterwards, the five years' apprenticeship had expired, and the young painter, who was now able to sport a sword at his side, was about to leave his native town, was marked by an unpleasant scene. For the ambitious young artist had the moral courage to express his conviction that his master might have taught him more and used him less as a mere menial drudge. The former retorted angrily that he was now welcome to go where he could learn more. And this young Ridinger did, turning towards Augsburg, where the arts and crafts had ever been fostered by its rich and artistic inhabitants. There, amongst others, he had for master the famous battle painter Rugendas, whose style left its impression on some of Ridinger's earlier work. A three years' stay at Ratisbon, working for the splendour-loving Count Metternich, gave him the first opportunity to study deer, hounds, and horses, a choice of subject to which, fortunately for us, he stuck when he returned to Augsburg to settle down as master-craftsman and son-in-law of the well-known portrait painter Seiter.

We must quarrel with the time and not with the man for making the quantity and not the quality of his work his chief aim,



THE NORWEGIAN REINDEER.

observed than in his antlers of deer. Their complex form few artists succeed in drawing correctly, a bit of criticism from which we cannot even exempt the great Landseer, whose Highland deer are almost invariably the bearers of trophies of an exaggerated size, such as never grace the muckle harts of that region, where long inbreeding and shelterless uplands have reduced both the body and the antlers of the native red deer.

Considering Ridinger's hapless youth in the dingy Ulm workshop, and remembering that he had never passed through the practical schooling of woodcraft, a curriculum which every



THE PROFESSIONAL GUNNER.

forester and *Jäger* was compelled to absolve, his powers of observation were of the keenest, such as rarely distinguishes persons born and reared in towns. In Bryan's revised "Dictionary of Painters" occurs the statement that Ridinger "had been brought up a huntsman." This is an entirely incorrect assertion, as a glance at his life by his sons and by Thienemann will show.

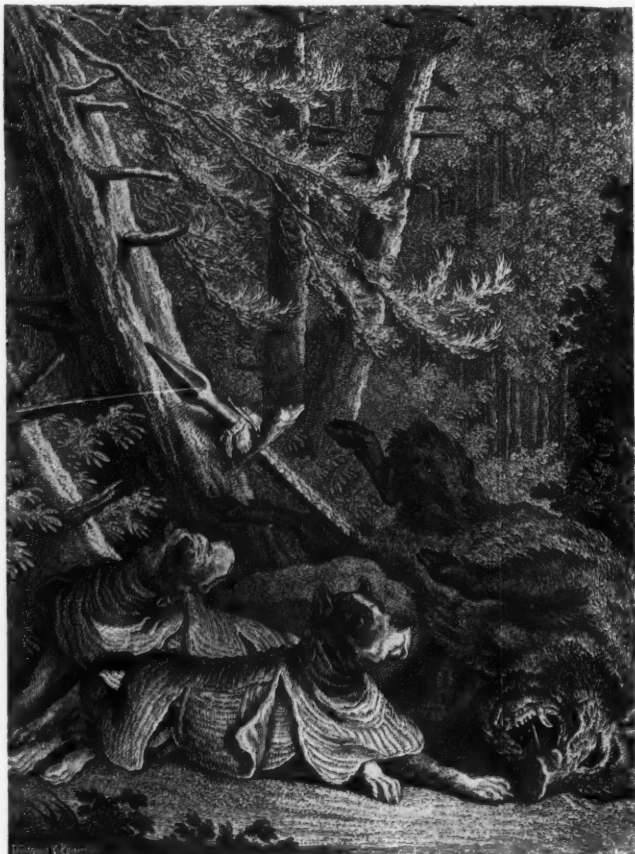
But it is time to give some samples of the master's work, premising a few remarks concerning the several series of engravings with which it was Ridinger's habit to illustrate a given subject. An instructive set is the one he calls "Gunners and Hawks" (*Jaeger und Falkoniere*), consisting of twenty-five good-sized plates, about 12 in. high by 9 in. in width. The engraving we select from it makes us acquainted with a condition of things that has long become obsolete. It represents what might be called the Journeyman Sportsman (*Reise Jaeger*), or professional gunner, who, accompanied by his sporting dogs, travelled from place to place to pick up what game he could, with or without the owner's leave. He knew a thing or two of the various breeds of sporting dogs, and if he shot straight, that unwieldy old blunderbuss which we see slung over his shoulder was, we may suppose, also not beyond price. His sporting gossip in days when newspapers were scarce secured to him a ready welcome, and thus he travelled from one little principality to the other, teaching young nobles how to shoot on the wing, and selling or bartering dogs when favourable opportunities presented themselves.

From the highly-interesting series known as "The Most Wonderful Stags" we have shown some dozen and a-half plates

in previous numbers of *COUNTRY LIFE*, hence it will be unnecessary to include any in the present article. The series consists of one hundred plates, more than half of which deal with harts of great head slain by sportsmen of the two centuries in which Ridinger lived.

A good series consisting of forty plates, called "Sketches of Wild Animals," next claims our notice, and our fourth illustration is a reproduction of one of them. The Norwegian reindeer here depicted Ridinger drew from a specimen in a zoological garden, for we know he never travelled in that then excessively remote country. Antlers and head are not very life-like, but worse likenesses disfigured illustrated books published a generation or so ago. As his prints reached foreign countries, the painstaking old artist put a French and Latin as well as a German inscription below the engravings which form this series.

Our last illustration makes us acquainted with the custom of protecting the hounds used for wild boar hunting with coats of mail made of leather, wire, and hempen cord. In the background, leaning against a tree, we see the weapon used in this chase, and at the side is lying a dead boar, over which two



MASTIFFS WITH COATS OF MAIL.

mastiffs are keeping guard. These coats of mail were used in some districts of Germany until this century, and in one of the old sporting armouries near Gotha I have seen several sets.

W. A. BAILLIE-GROHMAN.

(To be continued.)

FRUIT-GROWING IN ESSEX.

AS more than a decade has passed since Sir Walter Gilbey began his interesting attempt to test the practicability of growing fruit in Essex, the present season offers a very suitable opportunity for enquiring into the result. The beginning was a very modest one. Sir Walter Gilbey, as everybody knows, is keenly interested in the practical side of the land question, and his fruit farm at Elsenham was puny, and experimental in its object. He simply wished to ascertain if orchards could be made profitable in Essex. It was not long before he found out that there are other and greater difficulties than that of growing fruit. When the trees came into bearing he counted the cost of picking, packing, and carriage, and it came to so much that he saw no prospect of obtaining a return that would yield a reasonable profit on outlay.

The question then arose, his orchards proving to be prolific how was he to dispose of the fruit? It is a consideration that has restrained many, who, in the depression of arable farming, have turned their thoughts to garden and orchard. In the greatest of all fruit-growing counties, Kent, the County Council has given much attention to the subject. Fruit-growing in our climate has not yet arrived at the stage of being an exact science—that is to say, no method has yet been discovered of combating successfully the fickleness of the weather. A poor return is the normal one, but once every few years a glut occurs, during which the produce cannot be disposed of at a profit. Much of that sent up to London this year had to be finally carted to the destructor. The Kent County Council tried a variety of drying machines, but did not find them work satisfactorily, and they have been engaged in experiments with cold storage or freezing fruit. This would



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

AN ORCHARD AT ELSENHAM.

Copyright—"C.L."

have to be carried out on a very extensive scale in order to be effectual, as from a single orchard of Victoria plums no less a quantity than fifty tons were sent off in one night.

Early in the day Sir Walter Gilbey was struck with the sound and old-fashioned idea that the natural method of preserving fruit was to turn it into jam that he could let his friends have at a reasonable cost. This led to the construction of the jam factory, because, as the jam became known, enquiries multiplied, and a demand arose that could be satisfied in no other way. Built in the local manner of clay lumps and thatched with Norfolk reeds, it has, as will be seen, a pretty and rustic appearance. It also led to an expansion of the orchards, which at the beginning consisted of only a couple of acres planted with Early Prolific and Victoria plums and some apples. Next year there were planted two more acres of plums, damsons, and Conference pears, and in 1891 a further plantation was made of raspberries, black currants, apples, and filberts. In 1893 two acres more were taken in for Czar, Monarch, and Curlew plums and Transparent greengages, together with

hedges, and that, too, is a little help. Then, although Sir Walter relies chiefly on his own produce, he also buys some of the fruit raised on the village allotments, another



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

CART-HORSES.

Copyright—"C.L."

advantage to them, as this is generally difficult to be got rid of. As marmalade is made during those early months of the year when jam is not manufactured, employment is to some extent constant. All the jam sent off is carted to the Elsenham Station of the Great Eastern Railway by a fine specimen of the much-abused mule. Considering how profitable the factory is to the workpeople, it is satisfactory to find that the "Elsenham Hall Brand" of jam—this label being the registered trademark—meets with an increasing demand. Already fifty agents (grocers) are appointed in various parts of the country for its sale, and everything points to the growth of the industry. It may be mentioned as a curious adjunct to it that lavender oil, from lavender grown on a small part of the orchard, is also manufactured, not for commercial purposes, but only for parish use. The factory does not enter into competition with those vast establishments that



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

THE JAM FACTORY.

Copyright—"C.L."

lay their accounts to do an immense trade in the cheapest of cheap jams by using a foundation of apple or plum pulp. Sir Walter's are table jams made of pure fruit and the best crystallised sugar—that is to say, raspberry jam is made solely from raspberries, black currant jam from black currants, and so on. Those who know the trade will not regard this as the mere truism it may appear.

Our photographs would almost without comment enable the reader to follow all the processes of jam-making as carried out by Sir Walter Gilbey's capable manager, Mr. W. Plester. On coming in from the orchard fruit is first brought to the picking room, where it is picked and made ready for the boiling room. Here it and the sugar are weighed before being put into the jam pan. Two copper pans of the jacket type, each capable of holding 2½ cwt., are in use, but the custom is to boil only 1 cwt. at a time in each. Boiling lasts from eight to eleven minutes, according to the moisture of the fruit. It is effected by steam at a pressure of from 40 lb. to 50 lb., and the engine-room adjoins the boiling room. When the proper amount of boiling has been accomplished, the preserve is turned out of the pan by means of a lever into copper carrying pans and passed on to the filling tables. One, two, and three pound jars are arranged to receive it, and it is poured into them with copper jugs. The jars, which are of glass, to show the colour and appearance of the jam, are then passed on to the cooling room, while in the meantime a new lot of fruit has been boiled. Finally the jars are topped with tissue, tied over with vegetable tissue, and



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

THE BOILING ROOM.

Copyright—"C.L."

labelled. Last season about nine tons of soft fruit were boiled. Plums, apples, and pears reached about 440 bushels.



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

THE PICKING SHED.

Copyright—"C.L."



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

THE BOTTLE SHED.

Copyright—"C.L."

It will thus be seen that Sir Walter Gilbey's experiment has been valuable and successful, and ought to act as an encouragement to others. Essex does not at present hold a very high place among fruit-growing counties, the whole area devoted to small fruit last year only reaching a total of 1,952 acres out of a cultivated area of 805,916 acres, nearly 3,000 acres having gone completely out of cultivation as compared with the year before. The figures are not nearly so good as those for Cambridge, which has 2,942 acres out of its cultivatable 490,260 acres. Moreover, those acquainted with the county are well aware that those who have gardens and orchards in a vast majority of cases pay little attention to them. Not only are the trees and bushes of any sort that luck may have planted, but they are very frequently old mossy specimens that are fit for little except being grubbed up and made into firewood. A bad and unproductive tree, however, occupies the same space and takes just as much trouble to cultivate as a good one. But the circumstances of the past year were a little discouraging, since those that had fruit were not able to obtain a remunerative price for it. Still, that only happens once in a long time. Last year was the fruit year of the century, and must not be taken as an index of what is likely to occur in ordinary seasons. It is seven years since the previous glut. Probably an effective plan for getting good young trees planted would be for landlords to offer a little prize each year for the man who can show the best record. This has

been done with very satisfactory results on some estates in Cheshire. The lesson to be taught is that even those who devote a small piece of ground to fruit will find it most remunerative to produce only the very best quality. And Sir Walter Gilbey has fully demonstrated that this is possible on Essex land.

IN THE GARDEN.

A BEAUTIFUL HEATH,
ERICA CILIARIS.

THIS is one of the most beautiful of all Heaths; it continues to flower even after most forms of the Heather are past, its bright and pretty blossoms

being welcome during the dull, early days of winter when the frost keeps off, as it has done this season. As it blooms more or less throughout the autumn, its flowering season extends over a long period. It is, too, not at all fastidious in its requirements, and will succeed without the peat considered by many necessary for the various Heaths. Lime in any shape is, of course, a mistake. The Dorset Heath, as this is sometimes called, has a wide geographical range, extending through Western France and Spain as far as Southern England. These pretty, low-growing Heaths are not grown sufficiently in gardens, and when met with are often dotted here and there, or used as an edging, a poor way to display their full beauty. They should be grown in masses, either forming the foreground to, or an open carpet between, the Heaths of larger growth.

A NEW LIMITED COMPANY.

The old-established and renowned firm of Messrs. Alexander Dickson and Sons, Seed Merchants and Nursermen, of 55, Royal Avenue, Belfast, and the Royal Nurseries, Newtownards, has just been registered as a private limited liability company. It is not intended to offer any of the shares to the public, and the conversion has been effected principally with regard to family arrangements and to facilitate the control of the extensive business which is now carried on by the company. It is anticipated that the change now made, though in no wise interfering with the present management of the establishment, will mark a further step forward in the advance of the firm, and we have no doubt that the coming century will witness a continuation of the prosperity and success which have characterised the one which will soon be past.

A FEW OF THE FINEST HYBRID RHODODENDRONS.

The Royal Horticultural Society's Journal for the past year has reached us. It contains many excellent papers and illustrations. One paper contributed by Mr. George Bunyard of Maidstone is very interesting, and in it is a carefully compiled list of the finest hybrid Rhododendrons. As this is a big family, our



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

THE WINDMILL.

Copyright—"C.L."

"Selection of a few of the best hybrid Rhododendrons for effective flowering in May and June:

White, and White with spots.

Delicatum
Mrs. Agnew
Minnie
Snowflake
Evelyn
Princess Alice
Mrs. Russell Sturgis
The Bride
Purity
Sappho
The Queen

Red and Crimson.

Barclayanum
Brayanum
Blandyanum
Fleur de Marie
Dr. Hogg
Warrior
James Mason
Fred. Waterer
Grand Arab (early)
John Waterer
Michael Waterer
Mrs. Shuttleworth

Rose and Pink of Various Shades.

Alex. Aide
Broughtoni
Catawbiense roseum
Lady Cathcart
Mme. Wagner
Mrs. Holford
Mrs. J. Waterer
Prince de Rohan
Stella
Titian
Roseum elegans

Purple and Lilac.

Everestianum
Fastuosum plenum
Joseph Whitworth
Maculatum superbum
Ne Plus Ultra
Old Port
Othello
Purpureum elegans
Standard of Flanders.
And many others.

"Azaleas are seldom quoted in named varieties. The nurseries have always good collections of all the species named, and the Mollis section are so much mixed in the seedlings offered that named ones are scarcely better, and naturally more expensive. The newer Mollis-sinensis contain many fine named varieties."

A few other excellent remarks concern

BERRIED PLANTS,

which begin to show up in September and October; the most conspicuous are the scarlet-berried *C. Pyracantha Lelandi*, a good shrub or wall plant; the Irish hybrids of *Pernettya mucronata*, in all colours from white to crimson; the yellow and red Mountain Ash, the Thorns, Carriers, Korolkowi, coccinea; *Berberis vulgaris*; the striking British plant *Euonymus europaeus* makes a pretty bush or standard; its red carpels are most distinct. A variety called *latifolia* is one of the most beautiful berried plants we have ever seen. The rich violet *Berberis* or *Mahonia* berries, the *Cotoneasters*, *Wild Guelder Rose* (*V. Opulus*), and others, warn us of the approach of winter, and we can scarcely

close this paper without alluding to the coloured foliage of autumn. *Acer colchicum*, *A. Ginnala*, the Japan Maples, *Sumachs*, *Liquidambar*, *Berberis Thunbergi*, with its flame-coloured leaves, the dying foliage of the *Azaleas*, the *Golden Pteleas*, *Norway* and *Sugar Maples*, *Salisburia*, *Mespilus*, *Birch*, *Judas Tree*, *Scarlet Oaks*, *Quercus palustris*, *Gymnocladus*, and *Tulip trees* have a beauty of their own and deserve attention at planters' hands. The foliage of the double *Spiraea prunifolia* is very handsome when fading off.

ROSES FOR NORTH ASPECT.

It is generally taken for granted that *Roses* will not thrive in a north aspect; but like most things which are accepted without trial or enquiry, it is only



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

MULE AND PLANET HOE.

Copyright—"C.L."

readers may like to know the names of the kinds chosen for their distinct and beautiful colouring. The quotation is as follows:

"Of the large family of Rhododendrons which the Waterers and Pauls have brought to such perfection, and the sweet Honeysuckle-flowered American *Azaleas*, the golden *Pontic*, and the buff-coloured *Mollis*, the newer hybrid *Mollis-sinensis*, also the double varieties, all splendid and even gorgeous in their way, it will suffice if we name a few of the best for those who can give them peat or sandy loam. Nor must we omit the exquisite *Kalmia latifolia* or the pretty tribe of Heaths now coming into flower. The pink *Daphne Cneorum* is a good edging plant for peat beds, and produces a profusion of neat flowers; as also the *Polygalas*.

partially true, for certainly some Roses will grow and flower freely in such a position. In some instances, especially in a dry season, the flowers are of better form and colour than others of the same kinds growing in the sunshine. Of course the borders must be well drained, and, if necessary, some good loam and manure added. Last season, Gloire de Dijon, Cheshunt Hybrid, W. A. Richardson, Bouquet d'Or, and a number of the beautiful Hybrid Teas, grew and flowered in a remarkable manner in the shade of a wall. Those who have given much attention to the furnishing of north aspects, know that the frost does less harm to plants where the sun does not reach them early than if they were exposed to the sun all day. Insects give less trouble, and, if the borders are well drained, fungus or mildews are less prevalent. W. A. Richardson in the hot sunshine is often nearly white, but on the north side of a wall it has the beautiful terra-cotta tint which is so attractive. The damage done to tender plants in winter is not due so much to frost as to alternate changes from severe frost to sudden thaw, from exposure to sunshine; and if this condition of things does not affect the plants on the north side of a wall, the plants in this position have their troubles. They are later in starting into growth; but this is often an advantage, as the longer the buds remain dormant the less danger is there from sudden changes of temperature in spring.

It is in the month of August, when the sunshine has taken all the beauty out of the plants exposed to its influence, that the partially-shaded plants are at their best. Of course soil, climate, position, and shelter are all factors in success or failure, and probably no one would plant largely in a north aspect until some trials had been made with such kinds as Gloire de Dijon, W. A. Richardson, and some of the most robust Dijon Teas, Hybrid Teas, and others of vigorous constitution, and there is much value in a well-prepared site and free drainage. It is quite certain that Tea Roses and other tender plants suffer less from frost where the sunshine does not reach them very early in the day. The question of ripening the wood would, of course, come into consideration in low, damp situations, but is hardly felt where the rainfall does not much exceed 25 in. annually, and where the site is well drained.

CATALOGUES RECEIVED.—Amateur's Guide in Horticulture for 1901: Messrs. Sutton and Sons, Reading; Tested Garden Seeds: Messrs. J. Carter and Co., High Holborn, London; Seed Catalogue for 1901: Messrs. J. Veitch and Sons, Royal Exotic Nurseries, Chelsea; the Amateur's Garden Annual for 1901: S. Dobie and Son, Seedsmen, Heathfield Gardens, Chester.



BOOK II.—GOYAULT.

CHAPTER I.

A SUDDEN BLUE TRANSLUCENT HOUR.

IT was a long, long day of wind and rain, but in the evening shone out a sudden blue translucent hour. The lull between the van and afterguard of the storm, a time of new gleams and colours; the sea crashed still in foam about the rocks, but on the land lay level light and peace. Upon a barren bluff of crag the Castle of Jobourg stood square and steep and grey, the sunshine at its back.

Against the south side of the keep leaned a twisted wooden building, from the upper story of which a low window opened to the sea. To Alghitha this window had for many days meant hope and rescue. From sunrise to dusk and through the sleepless nights she watched the sea; watched it change with all the changing hours, now blue, now vivid green, or veined with purple currents in the afternoons, and shimmering to a strange milk whiteness at the hour of dawn. And beyond it, like a cloud upon the horizon, Gersay lay.

Day by day she watched an empty ocean; nor did her courage fail till that last day of storm. Every hour through as she gazed upon the raging water she knew that he would come. And yet no word of love had ever passed between Earl Wulnoth's daughter and Goyault. But young love translates himself in many tongues; his meanings drift like threads of gossamer across the summer air, unseen of most, but here and there some destined eye will catch a tinge of finespun rainbow float across the light—a vision come and gone within the instant, yet irrevocable as a vow.

And so it was with Alghitha. She recalled a thousand times the young heroic figure with the sunny eyes that smiled at her across the courtyard, where he tilted for pastime with her brothers, and told herself a thousand times that Goyault loved her; she clung to the belief, and wondered pitifully if he knew how sore her need was. Thus the day of tempest drove her desperate; her land of promise overseas was lost in whirling mist. What ship could live or steer against the storm? And yet, if he came not by to-morrow he must come too late! At that her heart cried out in pity for him; the motherhood within her yearned to save him pain.

Too late, too late! the words rang ever a weary chorus in her brain. To-morrow was the day set for the trial of her innocence, and none could tell her how the thing would turn; for at that time the laws of chivalry were yet in making, and the issue might be moulded by any hand strong enough to carry out its purposes. Well she knew that Gauthier was strong—strong in body as in will and guile; and so she wept, sorrowing for the ruin of her lover's hopes, when he should arrive to do battle for her and find the prize for ever gone from him.

And then her mind would sway back upon herself, though

on that side was horror. She ached in sorrow for Goyault; yet there was some tender touch of sweetness in the sorrow, for if the loss of her meant mighty grief to him, it was because he loved her so. No proof of that sweet fact but must bring its savour of delight to her; but for herself to-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow—a blank of dread. Even her father now was turned to be her enemy. Harassed by losses, worn out with evil fortune, when he learned that perchance Edward's pardon might be won if Alghitha should yield, he wearied her with importunities and commands. Many a time he wished that she were still a child, not yet fifteen, that he might force her to obey his will, according to the law which held in England; but, as the matter stood, the girl was free to make her own decision. Why would she not wed with Gauthier de Morlaix? He was one whom women feared, though many loved him in the fearing. Why did she not choose to be as other damsels were, scarce half-reluctant when the wooer's heel rang upon the turret stair? Some foe had cast the evil eye upon her, or some maggot crept within her brain when they lay encamped two summers gone upon the banks of Avon. So he would question with her until he worked his wrath up to a bitter point, for always upon argument followed the confusion which left him maddened and full of violence; nought, they told him, stood between him and his lost domains of Avening but a wench's foolish No!

Kneeling by the window-ledge, Alghitha passed once again through the miserable sequences which had brought her to this pass. How they had met with Gauthier at King Edward's Court, and how his bold gaze from that first moment brought the shamed blood to her cheek, she knew not why. She hated him! Wed with him? She could not, and she would not!

She spread her arms out into the thinning rain, her golden wealth of hair hung to the floor, and little curls all wet with driven storm blowing about her brow.

"Oh, Virgin Mother, aid me, aid me! I am so utterly unhappy. I remember how different it was two years ago. Misfortune is a cloud creeping across the sea. It is all so glorious till the sunlight falls into the shadow, and then awakes a little bitter wind. It has been so with me. I am never happy now. I cannot choose but love Goyault, sweet Mother. Why do others love me, and he only never comes? I am so helpless. There is no one to do battle for me. And there is no one whom I would have do battle for me saving only he. There is no one whom I would wed with saving—and he may be another's champion in another land. How know I? Oh, life is sad! The sun breaks forth! Is there a boat upon the sea?" She sprang to her feet and leant out.

The uneven shadow of the tower thrust itself in dark fingers out to the fringe of briar and bracken which overhung the scarp of cliff. Beyond, under the clearing sky, search how she might,

was nothing but a yeasty tumble of brown water. And already the night-cloud was rising in the east.

Yet the far comfort of those blue translucent spaces widening behind the wrack came down upon her. She looked up, then sighed and smiled together. Some vague memory uplifted her tired heart. It was of the first time she thrilled under Goyault's eyes!

Love may translate himself in many ways, and all be read and known of men; but in what words shall men translate love's dream? Love and its coming! She breathed deep, her hands clasped in strenuous recollection. What was that shadowy, untouchable, and passing sweep of thought—that vision of mystery stung into being at one swift look? It was so fair she had not dared to look again. And now, alas! Love was so slow in coming back to her from the unattainable, what could she do but bow her head and wait? Clasp the crucifix at her girdle, she sank upon her knees, her face hidden in her arms, and, so kneeling, bowed upon the window-ledge and prayed.

"Is he coming? I have waited, and my heart grows heavy. Mother Mary, let me die, or send him back to me!"

She knelt, till, being wearied with long watching edged with the keen-set fret of youth, she fell asleep.

She was so young to stand against the world, all loving woman to her finger tips. But Algitha had to the full that quality of womanliness which makes the heart a despot, and all the life a willing slavery. Her Northern blood transmuted passion into steadfastness. She was that true and blind idolater who believes all things and endures all things for love's sake.

Presently a foot came blundering up the stair; a slow, deliberate foot, that blundered only because the way was dark and strange. Then a hand fell on the fastening of the door. Algitha had been condemned to prison by her father for many days. The door turned waiting on its hinges, but Algitha slept on.

A mighty man stepped into the room, and, glancing round in the glow of evening light reflected from outside, smiled as if satisfied. Although scarcely above the middle height, Gauthier de Morlaix was of vast build. The short hair under the small Norman cap showed a red so dark that it seemed almost brown. His eyes were also reddish-brown, and brilliant with the hue which adds to insolence and blunt speech a point and colour of its own. His tunic was edged with heavy gold, and his huge legs cross-gartered in the style which he had learned in England.

He eyed the girl's form before he spoke.

"Lady," he said, and paused.

Algitha moved in her sleep and sighed, falling half-prone against the wall, her head upon her breast, her hands dropped sideways across her knees. The Norman could not see her face for the golden cloud of hair; but the soft abandonment of her attitude, and the half-open palms betrayed her. He drew softly nearer, his great passion working with his will, and having looked upon her for a moment, stooped like a hawk.

He withheld his hand, no touch fell on her, yet, as if struck into life by the fire of his look, she awakened, flinging back her heavy hair, her wide blue eyes meeting his in terror.

He smiled a little, conscious of his power.

"Why are you here?" she panted.

With him she had always been before of a still and calm demeanour; but crouching helpless there, so close beneath the cruel, hovering face, she could not choose but tremble.

"Lady, because I love you."

"Stand back, for I would rise."

"Rise, sweetheart, rise to my heart; it is my long-pending prayer." The smile lingered still upon his lips.

With the craft of the weak she accused him.

"You do not love."

He raised his eyebrows.

"Nay, but I know that I do love, and that to my cost, too." But he laughed still.

"Not so, Sir Gauthier; for love is always humble."

"Am I not humble, then? What would you have? Have I not stood like some beggar at your gate, and craved your dote?"

"A beggar?" She knelt, and holding by the window ledge, stood swiftly upright. "No, but a pirate who clangs at the outer ward, and shouts, 'Give me that which you possess, and be my servant, or I will destroy you.'"

"So lovers cry in the songs of your own land, and maids have hearkened with kind ears ere now. It is a part of love's strategy."

"A cruel strategy, when the maiden is defenceless. Should not love be also pitiful?"

Like some wild creature that fears a trap, she stood at bay.

"In truth, yes," he agreed, jauntily; "and therefore I am here."

"What?" she bent towards him, a new light in her blue eyes; "is there then hope for me?"

"Yes, if you let me turn your question back upon yourself, and ask if there be hope for me?"

His air of careless gallantry galled her—careless, yet untiring, and sure of the event. She met his eyes, but her own

dropped on the instant, for this cold, confident, remorseless man had the power to shame her with his gaze. With flushing face she turned her back upon him, as if to scan the sea.

"Leave me, I pray you. I am weary."

"Lady Algitha," he said, with contemptuous toleration, "I have long borne with you; but now you are woman grown, and know that man's love may not be so lightly set aside. You are as a bird in my hand, yet I have come once more to ask you in all courtesy to wed me."

He stooped, and taking up the golden hem of her blue over-gown, made as if he would have kissed it. But she twitched it from his grasp.

"That I have already answered. Go."

The action in its open loathing pricked him through his solid self-conceit.

"What is there in me that you should hate me?" he cried, astonished.

She showed a scornful lip over her shoulder.

"What is there in you, good Sir Gauthier, that any heart could warm to you for having?"

Gauthier glanced down at his own limbs in their well-formed maturity, then threw back his head full satisfied.

"I have known praise," he said, with sly mildness.

"Aye, for many fear you."

"And favour—woman's favour."

"Favour may be bought—not love."

"What?—is it not possible to love one who is at least a man, and strong, and some say brave?"

"Strong to fight for his own self—brave to oppress the defenceless! Why will you not leave me, seeing how I loathe you?"

"In what way can I alter myself to win your favour, sweet-heart?"

"Way!" she cried; "but God Himself could alter you enough to please me!"

At last she had touched him. But Gauthier de Morlaix did not swear as other men; he held his wrath cold, reserving deeps of energy for unswerving purpose. His silence almost cowed her. He understood the little shiver which she could not overcome.

"Yet I can alter you," he said, with deliberate slowness.

"I came in all courtesy to win you to my wish: call you that oppression? You have no champion, and I would have saved you from what the morning light must bring. You are accused of witchcraft, Lady Algitha, and, to-morrow, judgment waits upon you—to-morrow the ordeal of the question may touch that fair body of yours ruefully, and leave it no more to be desired."

Algitha flashed round upon him.

"Then I should be free of that which now I hate!"

But Gauthier de Morlaix was not again to be moved by flouting while he held the poor flouter in his grasp.

"So? A woman never yet rejoiced in the ruin of her beauty, and you, lady, are very woman through and through. For that more than all else have I desired you. But"—his voice changed to slow mockery—"the chevaliers, seeing you are beautiful and have injured me alone, may resolve it were pity to spoil so much of Heaven's fair work, and give you to me to do with as I may desire. Shall I not do as I will, then—take my own without the asking? And who knows, cast that which may no more content me to my serfs?"

"I can die!" the girl cried.

"Aye, in Heaven's good time, not when you will."

"You alone are my accuser—you, who say you love me! Are we not driven here, poor, exiled, and outcast by your false swearing? If I should be condemned to-morrow and die some dreadful death, you will be guilty of my blood!"

"Nay, you shall not die to-morrow," said the Norman, easily.

The girl's proud spirit was not daunted. She raised her shoulders with a gesture of disdain.

"Do all these things you threaten, and yet I can escape you. I may die soon, or after many years; but whenever my last day comes I will die still hating you, Gauthier de Morlaix! No power of yours can conquer that."

She turned away once more, and leaned upon the window, her fair head and her shoulders outlined there. She leaned so a moment curiously still, then with a glad sob she spoke again.

"But I am not yet condemned, nor are you yet the conqueror, my lord!"

"Where is your champion? It would seem as if all men grew laggards in your cause."

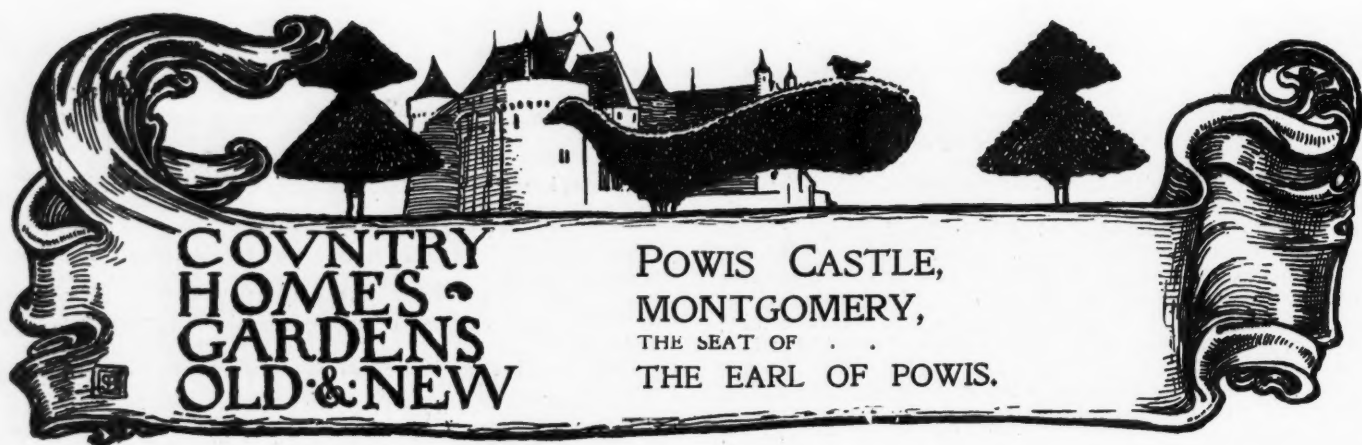
"Save one!" she cried. "See, his ship comes rushing from the night. Make way, Sir Gauthier; I would call my maidens and prepare myself to meet him."

"His ship? Who is this lingering champion?"

Gauthier looked at her with a derisive question in his eyes.

"Goyault, Lord of Gros-Nez and St. Ouen in Gersay." In the vehement gladness of the moment she smiled her exultant answer.

"My witch has a lover after all!" said the Norman, with an evil significance, then stooped to descend the stairway.



At what period men first built on that rocky eminence where Powis Castle stands no man now can say. In this battle ground of a hundred fights between Britons under Caractacus and conquerors from Rome, betwixt English and Welsh, and Welsh and Danes, there was need for a place where the chieftain might be secure. And those who visit Powis Castle, climbing the steep ascent, are forcibly

reminded how strong a position this is. Here was a stronghold, one would say, where the foeman must perish ere he reached the wall. The deep ravine on the south side—where now the lovely garden delights us, and where, as one writer says, Flora and Ceres alternately contend—presented five successive ascending rocky plateaux to confront the assailant. On every side there were steep escarpments, and on the north two darkly yawning

fosses completed the defence. Here, as an eagle from his eyrie, could the chief survey the land around, and now you may stand on the height and look delighted over the sylvan valley where the Severn cleaves his way, or turn to where the heights of Breiddin lift their distant blue, or feast your eyes with the rare prospect of the glorious park where the hoary oaks of venerable age could many a stormy tale unfold.

Surveying, then, the magnificent prospect that is spread out before us from the topmost terrace, we think of the stormy history of Powisland, and of the "Castell Coch yn Mhowys," through the centuries' history. One chronicler relates that the stronghold emerged from obscurity in the year 1110, when Cadwgan ap Bleddyn ap Cynvyn, weary of the persecutions of his kinsmen, began to erect a stronghold—not the first, we may be sure—on the hill, but was slain by his nephew Madog ere he had roofed his hall. But from the time of Brochwal Ysgythrog, Prince of Powis, who about 660 was defeated by the Saxons, there has been too much history in Powisland to be included in these pages. This was a kingdom in itself, changing its boundaries many a time, though it was merged with Dinefawr and Gwynedd under Rhodrimawr about the year 843; but its princes came to hold it in capite from the English Crown in the thirteenth century, having surrendered the independence to which the Princes of North and South Wales so doggedly clung. Powis Wenwynwyn, one division of Powisland, at length came to Sir John de Cherleton, or Charlton, who was rewarded for many services to the English Crown by a marriage with Hawyse, the last representative of the princely house of Wenwynwyn, who brought all her Powisland possessions to her English husband's hands. Many a time did he raise men for service



Copyright

THE ANCIENT ENTRANCE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



"COUNTRY LIFE."

GARDENS OLD AND NEW.—POWIS CASTLE: THE THIRD TERRACE.

Copyright



Copyright

THE SECOND TERRACE.

"COUNTRY LIFE"

against the Scots, but himself surrendered in arms against the King at Boroughbridge in 1322.

This Sir John Charlton was the builder of the present Powis Castle, which has gone through many a change since his time. It is not, as a castellated structure, very spacious or remarkable in construction, but it is an excellent example of the military architecture of the early fourteenth century, with four massive round towers. Within there has been much modernisation, but externally the feudal character is well maintained, and the embattled building on the left of the approach to the keep is an unusual example of a great hall. The Jacobean entry, which has been attached to the Edwardian keep, is very striking, and has a peculiar effect, and there is much work of the same class

within, all dating from the early occupation of the Herberts, to whom the castle came in Elizabeth's reign by purchase from the Greys, who had received it in marriage with the heiress of Edward, Lord Powis. The gateway referred to was erected by William, first Earl of Powis, so created in 1674, Marquis of Powis in 1687, and who was outlawed in 1689 as a follower of the Stuarts.

James created him Marquis of Montgomery and Duke of Powis, after the Revolution of 1688, but these titles were never recognised in England. The Royal Commissioners had decided that the famous stronghold should share the fate of many another castle after the Civil Wars, but upon the owners giving pledge that it should never be employed to the prejudice of the

Parliament or Commonwealth, the order was revoked, and only the outworks were demolished and a few breaches made in the walls. Nearly every possessor has modified the castle in some degree, and it was a good deal altered and modernised under the direction of Sir Robert Smirke, but it is still a most imposing and interesting example of early military construction adapted to modern residential needs, and the red sandstone of which it is built contrasts charmingly with the green surroundings.

The terraced character of the garden has already been referred to. Indeed, no other character of garden design would have been possible, for Nature herself had formed the terraces by upturning the edges of the Caradoc sandstone towards the vertical position, and thus making a series of escarpments ascending step by step to the hill. The garden terraces are five in number, and command surpassingly beautiful views, the most delightful of all being through



Copyright

A TERRACE WALK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



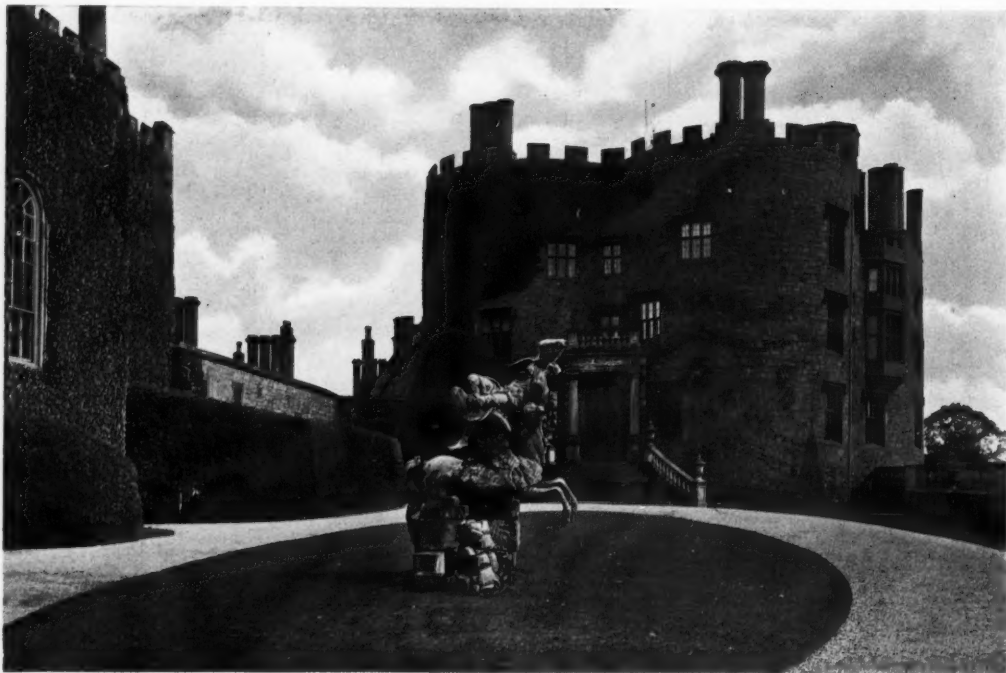
GARDENS OLD AND NEW.—POWIS CASTLE: THE FOURTH TERRACE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Copyright

a long vista of trees to the distant peaks of Moel-y-golfa and the Breiddin Hills. Admirably did the garden architect employ his opportunities, and the terrace walls, balustrades, and descents, adorned with figures and vases, some of them of lead, and all quaint or admirable, will contrast favourably with any other examples of the same style in the land. This terraced pleasaunce, being on the south side, is in a very favourable situation, and our pictures show how successfully the features have been utilised. The tall and singular yews, which rise with strange effect beneath the castle walls, offer a contrast of hue and character to the rich growth of flowers which makes the garden glorious. The walls are magnificently festooned, and it would be hard to describe the wealth of floral beauty which our illustrations will suggest. The contrasts of varied level, of garden masonry and statuary, of abundant colour and of cool green grass, are simply admirable. Particularly effective and picturesque are the leaden figures which line some of the terrace walls. Below the terraces the landscape character extends. Some part of the grounds was laid out by the celebrated "Capability" Brown, chief among landscape gardeners, and, unless that worthy be libelled, he actually proposed, in his vain search for uniform level or slope, to blow up the picturesque rock upon which the castle stands! But Nature herself would have warred against such destruction, and so the glorious terraced garden of Powis Castle remains.

The park on the north side is magnificent, and most richly wooded. There are splendid oaks of huge size, especially a sturdy giant on the right of the approach, which, like many a brother, throws down a vast expanse of shade. Here are trunks silvered with the lichens of centuries, shadowy woodland



Copyright

THE COURTYARD.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

depths, open glades, a domain of beauty enchanting the visitor with the picturesque glory of sylvan charm and of rocky hollows, sunny slopes, and lovely dells, the silence broken only by the browsing deer, the note of birds, and the distant voice of the stream.

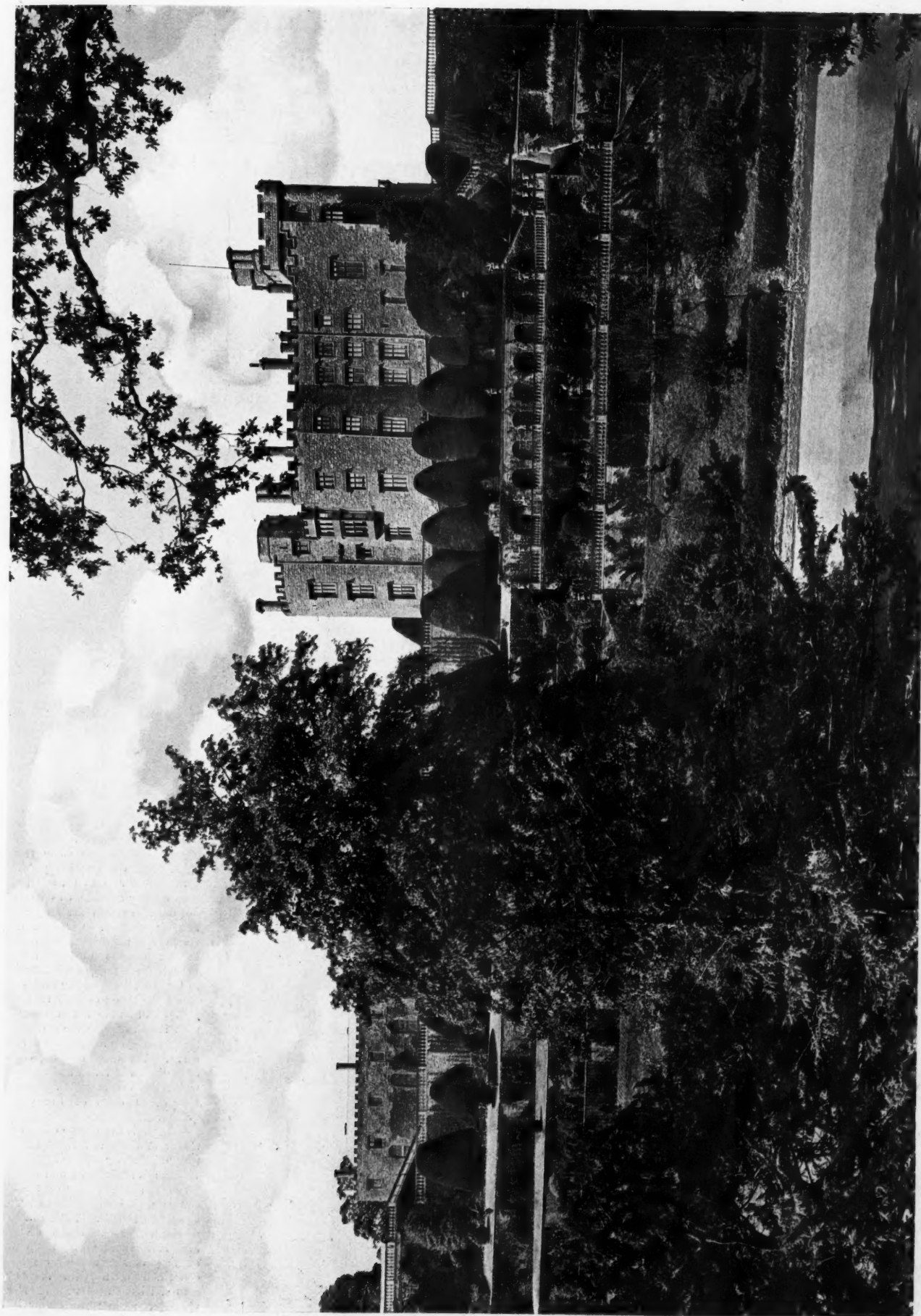
Thus the visitor to Powisland comes back with charming remembrances of Powis Castle. He has looked out from the sundial terrace over a truly glorious prospect, and then has passed down the long flights of steps leading him to that beautiful gate of departure, and has refreshed his memory with many a thought that adds to the glamour of the famous pile. His mind has been carried back to the early time of Hawis Gadarn, last descendant of the royal line entitled to wear the talaith of gold, and he has associated Powis Castle with the long and noble line of the Herberts and the undying fame of Clive.



Copyright

THE SUNDIAL TERRACE

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright

GARDENS OLD AND NEW.—POWIS CASTLE: THE SOUTH-EAST VIEW.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright

THE LOWER TERRACE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Not the least interesting of the many memories of the castle is the visit which Her Majesty, then Princess Victoria, paid to it, accompanied by her mother, the Duchess of Kent, in 1832.

A BOOK OF THE DAY.

WHEN the man who shoots fares forth on a fine morning in November or December to use his trusty pair of breech-loaders, he expects to have everything, except the act of holding straight, made easy for

him. The coverts are, or ought to be, full of birds which have been reared, and fed, and watched the spring and summer through, and he expects that they will be driven over him skilfully and thoroughly. Earlier in the season, or later, he is content to potter about alone and, with spaniel or retriever, to explore the distant spinneys, or the dense outlying hedgerows, and there to pick up a few brace of fine cock pheasants. But this he cannot find time to do in the high-fever days of the shooting season. Now, these things are an allegory. The reviewer is the man who shoots; the pen is his gun; the game is found in the books which, in autumn and early winter, come streaming, not merely in coveys, but in whole packs, from the printing press. The only difference between the reviewer and the shooter is that the latter may

use as many cartridges as he pleases, but the former can fire only a limited number of shots. Consequently, the reviewer, in the height of the publishing season, expects to have his books brought up to the gun scientifically and in large numbers, and he simply cannot afford the time to sally forth and look for books that are not sent, any more than the shooter, at the corresponding time, can go prowling after outlying cocks. Yet these outlying cocks are often the finest birds, and these books which are not brought up to the reviewer are often of the very best quality.

Such is the excuse offered to the reader of COUNTRY LIFE, but not to the publisher of "Peccavi," Mr. E. W. Hornung's latest born and best book, for delay in according to it the appreciative notice which it most unquestionably deserves. To me it was a revelation. Some books written by Mr. Hornung, books written in the dashing and adventurous vein, and concerned often with Australian scenes, I have read with interest and pleasure, but in this book he is on a new and a loftier platform. In it, and against an English background, he deals with a tragic problem, the sin of a man, the ruin and death of a woman, the life-long repentance of the man, and his gradual recovery of self-respect. The result is a book which so enthralls the reader that he simply cannot put it down unfinished;



Copyright

THE END OF THE UPPER TERRACE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

and then it haunts the memory, and it is only afterwards that one begins to realise how complete is the workmanship, how excellent is the characterisation. *Ars est celare artem*, and that is the highest art. As in reading "The Newcomes" one thinks of the Colonel, as in glancing again at "Vanity Fair" one thinks of Becky and George and Joseph Sedley, forgetting the very existence of William Makepeace Thackeray, so in "Pecavi" one follows with poignant interest the rehabilitation of the soul of Robert Carlton, allowing his creator, Mr. Hornung, to pass out of mind altogether.

The story opens with the funeral of Molly Musk in Long Stow churchyard, the officiating clergyman being Robert Carlton, rector of Long Stow, and the chief mourner Jasper Musk, rude, savage, indomitable, the father of the dead girl. The nameless coffin hides more than the common-place tragedy of death. Those who stand in the sunlit churchyard know only that Molly Musk has disappeared for a while from the village and has returned to die in childbirth. Only the clear cold-voiced rector knows at that time that he is the sinner, and that the girl owes her death, as the child in the Flint House below owes its existence, to him. There has been no vulgar intrigue, and no deliberate and cowardly betrayal. Months before Carlton and the girl had yielded to passion. He had offered marriage, but she had refused it, fearing to spoil his career. She had disappeared without revealing to him the extent of the calamity. She had come back to die. And, as the book opens, Robert Carlton, a good man and a most earnest priest save for this one great fault, is committing the body of the poor girl to the earth. Just because he is really good, because he has worked as no rector of Long Stow had ever worked before, because he has gained the confidence of young and old and has led them to a higher life, because he is halfway through the restoration of the beautiful old church upon which he has learned to work with his own hands, and because he is essentially a man of strong character, Carlton's silent agony of mind is supreme. He has sinned grievously, and the suffering



Copyright

THE WILDERNESS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

will not be confined to him and to her. His work must stop. Those whom he has led to higher things will go back again into the mire.

That evening Carlton confesses his sin to savage old Jasper Musk—an unlovely scene; and then come other, far more painful, interviews, in which the younger men who had believed in Carlton reproach him sorrowfully. They are honest George Mellis, who had loved the girl himself, and, later in the evening, Tom Ivey, the young contractor with whom Carlton had been associated over the church building. But before that the village mob, eager to wreak rough justice, have wrecked the rectory. Then, when all is silent, Carlton goes over to the church that he loves so well, to look his last upon it and return. Suddenly he discovers that the church has been set on fire, plainly by an



Copyright

POWIS CASTLE: THE YEWS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

incendiary, and although he performs heroic deeds in attempting to extinguish the fire, the ruin is almost complete.

Then begins the long expiation. The bishop is sympathetic as man can be, but such is that of Carlton cannot be passed by with a less sentence than suspension for five years. And Carlton resolves to atone for his offence by continuing to live at the rectory, and by devoting the whole of his private means to the restoration of the church. But at first it seems that he has reckoned without his host in the shape of Sir Wilton Gleed, patron of the living, retired man of commerce and politics. Sir Wilton, making a mistake which is quite common, thinks that rectory and church are his, and orders Carlton out. Finding that useless, he engages every builder in the district to refuse to work for Carlton, and, by sheer brute force as squire, compels the whole village to boycott Carlton; and Carlton, single-handed, but with five years before him, sets to work indomitably to build the church with his own hands. All this part of the work is excellently well written. The picture of the solitary man, compelled to "do for himself" in every way, even to killing his own sheep and trying to bake his own bread, gradually improving in his workmanship, and growing almost happy under the invigorating influence of work, is one which will appeal to any man who, in times of sorrow or trouble, has tried the sovereign medicine of hard bodily labour.

But Sir Wilton Gleed is not so easily foiled as Carlton had hoped. Finding that the law is against him so far as the freehold of church and rectory is concerned, he consults with Jasper Musk and Ivey and others, and suddenly lays an information against Carlton for the arson of the church. Over the prosecution which follows Mr. Hornung is not quite at his best. The bullying chairman, Canon Wilders, is distinctly a caricature, and the clerk to the justices would certainly have prevented him from displaying such ignorance as he does show of the law of evidence—or, at any rate, from acting upon it. Still, the charge is

This, although several chapters follow, is the true end of the grand story of atonement which is the main theme. Still, one has grown so much interested in the characters that one likes to see what happens to them. Sir Wilton gradually grows friendly and forgiving, but it is difficult for the reader to feel any friendliness to Sir Wilton after the trumped up charge of incendiarism; the villagers of course forgive; Gwynneth enters a sisterhood; Jasper Musk alone does not forgive. At the last and grandest moment, on the eve of the re-consecration of the now completed church, when the bishop is staying with Carlton, comes a message that Jasper Musk is ill, and Carlton goes down to see his enemy. He finds the Flint House empty. Then flames flare up to heaven, from the church, and here Musk and Carlton perish together in the flames, the latter in an attempt to save the life of the relentless enemy who has set fire to the church a second time. So ends a story of marked strength and of true beauty.

THE COVERT SHOOT.

G LADLY indeed you break the seal of the letter containing, as you instinctively know, your invitation to the annual "big shoot" at Mr. So-and-so's. You can pretty well guess who the party will be. One or two local sportsmen, two or three London friends of your host, the parson, and yourself. Well indeed do I recollect being the favoured guest at a shoot like this. I advisedly say recollect, for it was my last visit. I often used to shoot with my friend Hawkins during the season. We had quiet days at partridges and pheasants, and I was always at the "big" days. The keeper knew his "tip" was safe, and knew



Copyright

THE DESCENT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

dismissed, and Sir Wilton returns to Long Stow to tighten the boycott, while Carlton returns to his solitary labour. Episodes there are—the murder of Carlton's favourite dog; an illness of Carlton, during which one parishioner tends him furtively. But still the work goes on and on; and to the lonely workman come from time to time Gwynneth, Sir Wilton's niece, and the boy George, who is his son but knows it not. And in this connection there are several scenes which must be passed over—scenes showing the beginning of love between Gwynneth and Carlton—scenes in which Jasper Musk is violent, and George injured through that violence.

These things I must pass over in order to get to the last great scene but one, that in which, the five years of suspension being over, Carlton holds his first service in the as yet unfinished church, the congregation consisting, to start with, of Fuller, the cross-grained old saddler, and Gwynneth, the villagers being mostly outside the porch. That scene is beautifully written, and the end of it is fine. "He had controlled himself by a superb effort. The end was as calm as the beginning; but the rather hard, almost defiant, note that might have marred the latter in ears less eager than Gwynneth's, and more sensitive than those of the people in the porch, that note had passed out of Robert Carlton's voice for ever. And there were no longer any people in the porch; one by one they had all crept in to listen, some stealing to the rude seats, more standing behind, none remaining outside. Thus had they melted the heart they could not daunt, until all at once it was speaking to their hearts out of its own exceeding fullness in a way undreamed of when the preacher delivered his text. And this was to be seen as he came down the aisle, white head erect, pale face averted, and so through the midst of his people—his once more—without catching the eye of one."

that on my day I was fairly useful. The morning of the day I write of broke fair, and by ten o'clock I drove up to Hawkins's house. We were only five guns—Jawkins, Captain Longshot, Jawkins, junior, a sporting friend of our host called Towler, and myself. Though it was Jawkins's "big shoot," we had only one gun apiece, loaders not being a necessity on Jawkins's "little place," as he loved to call it. Besides having reared a lot of pheasants, Jawkins had had a nice lot sent down from Leadenhall Market some days before. Off we started for a spinney near the house, and the ladies were to walk with us. I didn't feel like shooting that day—my letters had rather worried me, and my liver was in a contrary mood. I knew it was not my day out. The lady who had foolishly elected to see me make a bag worried me. I had a couple of lovely chances at the first beat, and missed them both, but the stranger Towler didn't do any better, so I didn't much mind, and we walked off to the first big wood. In a lovely open space the kindly keeper posted me. "You'll get a nice bit of sport here, sir," said he. Next me, on my left, was Towler, and on my right was the stolid Jawkins, junior, my host and the Captain being further down the line. My voluble lady companion stuck to me, and chattered on every conceivable subject. Nearer and nearer came the shouts of the beaters, and bang! bang! from the end of the line showed us that the fun had begun. Placed as we all were, the beaters would drive the birds so that any we missed would fly across the open to another big wood just 100 yds. behind us. Whiz! when out of the thick covert comes a big cock straight at me, in a line with the belt of my Norfolk jacket. He doesn't deviate till he gets right on me, and then only sails over my head. I let him pass. Then they come in twos and threes—all right over me. The pity of it. Bang! bang! bang! bang! and not a bird touched. The guns on either side of me haven't had a shot. More birds, affording lovely

shots, but I am dead off them, and getting flurried. At last Mr. Towler gets a chance, and the birds begin screaming over him. There is no mistake about his shooting now; right and left he pulls them down, all clean killed, and he has eighteen pheasants down as the beaters come over the boundary fence. Jawkins, junior, got three brace, and the Captain and my host have accounted for twelve brace between them. Wretched me! I had nothing to show but one bird, and he was a runner. We only beat a small spinney before lunch, and I didn't get a shot, for which I was very thankful.

It was my host's invariable custom to lunch in his house, and he always did us very well. Too well, I thought, in the dark winter days, when I had shot well, and was keen to go on. To-day I didn't care, and thought lunch and a cup of coffee and a liqueur might put me right. Alas! vain hope. On restarting all the guns were posted in sight of each other in a big field outside a thin covert. Many birds went back, and, as luck would have it, I had the only chance. A fine old cock came straight for me; high and fast he came, a lovely shot. All eyes were on me, and I hadn't the excuse of the voluble lady. She had deserted me, and I didn't blame her. Getting well on my bird, I pulled; my first barrel missed fire, and I missed the cock clean with my second. The rest

of the day was pretty much the same, although I did collect an odd pheasant or two and a brace of partridges before we went in. I felt like a condemned man, though my host was kindness itself, and so were the other guns. "Off your shoot to-day, old man." "Not up to last week's form, my boy." "Not your day to-day, old chap," were the kindly comments of my host and his friends, but from my own knowledge of my host I knew it was the death-knell to my shooting with him.

And I was correct. Never again did he ask me to a shoot, big or little. I know, and so do many shooting readers, what happens if a man who is expected to do his share in making up the bag fails. That man must take the consequences—at that host's parties anyhow. It is necessary for him to seek fresh fields and pastures new if he be an uncertain shot. You must not be an in and out shooter (to use a Turf phraseology). The owners of shootings and givers of shooting invitations are far more strict than the stewards of the Jockey Club. One offence is enough to settle you, however useful your former contributions to the bag may have been. Once you shoot really badly, you can cross that house party off, as far as your winter engagements go. *Verb. sap.*

MARKOVER.

THE WINTERSLOW SMALL HOLDINGS.

FEW things have ever given me more sincere pleasure than a recent visit to the scene of Major Poore's instructive experiment in small holdings. I was there in 1892, shortly after the scheme was set going, and since then have watched its varying fortunes with keen interest. For there was much to make one hesitate. The Land Question was up at the time; the village of Winterslow, adjoining as it does Old Lodge, his residence, was conveniently near, and he divined that the desire of the men's hearts was to get on the land. Major Poore—not the great cricketer, but his father, we need scarcely explain—is a Wiltshire landowner, a member of the County Council, and a man who is loved and respected by all who know him. But he has one idea abnormally developed, and though many a wise and salutary reform has come from men similarly gifted, so also have emanated many fantastic and useless projects. This master-thought of his does not centre on land tenure, the Winterslow scheme being as it were only an incidental outcrop. It is that we have departed from the ancient system of representative government in England, of which Quarter Sessions and the jury system he regards as true survivals. We cannot go fully into it here, for lack of space, but one feature shall be alluded to, inasmuch as it forms the basis of the Winterslow arrangement. Major Poore holds that the family tie is too lightly esteemed, and that outside the family community of interest is not sufficiently recognised. He is not a speechifying faddist, but rather inclined to believe that the true way of illustrating and exemplifying his principles is to put them into practice.

Winterslow is an irregular homely village, mostly composed of white chalk houses prettily disposed among the heights and hollows of the Wiltshire Downs. We have much to say of the cottages, but defer doing so to a subsequent occasion. The dwellers in them are of a kind that prize small holdings. Few are devoted to a single employment throughout the year. Many are woodmen engaged at certain seasons among the timber and underwood, some work for a part of the year as agricultural labourers, one or two follow such odd employment as that of truffle-hunting, and there is the usual proportion of village tradespeople and artisans. Till Major Poore's scheme began to take effect the population was a steadily diminishing one. The area of the parish is 5,236 acres, and the simple facts about population are as follows. In 1871 the number was 924, in 1891 it had fallen to 786, and in 1900 it rose to 850. Nothing else has happened to affect employment; no business has been established, no calling revived, agriculture round about is even more depressed than it was before, so that there is positively no way of accounting for the arrest of the exodus except by the establishment of small holdings. There are 220 houses, of which twenty-seven have been put up since the scheme started, and this does not include five that have been put up and five in process of building outside the land of the Court. Out of the whole population no fewer than ninety persons, or twenty per cent. of the whole, are on the ownership lists. The Landowners' Court has worked without the slightest friction, and at the last audit a balance of £689 7s. 10d. was struck in its favour.

These facts save us miles of description, and it will be interesting to enquire how they have been arrived at. About the end of 1891 Major Poore purchased Cooper's Farm, a holding lying in the very midst of the village. Previously he had consulted and gained the approval of his village council. This was a body formed according to his own theory—the villagers being divided into ten, and the elected headman of each group forming the council. The price paid for the farm was £1,500 and the extent 195 acres, but this being more than he was prepared to deal with at the time, he got rid of eighty-three acres by sale, and proceeded to operate upon the remaining 112 acres. First the land was marked out into plots, and a value placed on each plot by a committee of the village council with the assistance of Mr. King, a

neighbouring farmer, who has made a capital secretary. The average value of the land was reckoned at £15 per acre, but as the plots varied in fertility so the prices varied. It was not Major Poore's intention to establish the men as tenants, but owners, and for that purpose he worked out a kind of hire-purchase scheme to extend the period of payment to fifteen years. Now that the plan can be pronounced an unqualified success, the following table, showing how £10 could be repaid, will be interesting to those who meditate a similar scheme or a modification of it:

Year.	Amount of Principal and Interest Paid.		Interest Repaid.		Principal Repaid.		Balance Due.	
	£	s. d.	£	s. d.	£	s. d.	£	s. d.
1	...	1 0 0	...	0 10 0	...	0 10 0	...	9 10 0
2	...	1 0 0	...	0 9 6	...	0 10 6	...	8 19 6
3	...	1 0 0	...	0 8 11½	...	0 11 0½	...	8 8 5½
4	...	1 0 0	...	0 8 4½	...	0 11 7½	...	7 16 10
5	...	1 0 0	...	0 7 10	...	0 12 2	...	7 4 8
6	...	1 0 0	...	0 7 2½	...	0 12 9½	...	6 11 10½
7	...	1 0 0	...	0 6 7	...	0 13 5	...	5 18 5½
8	...	1 0 0	...	0 5 11	...	0 14 1	...	5 4 4½
9	...	1 0 0	...	0 5 2½	...	0 14 9½	...	4 9 7
10	...	1 0 0	...	0 4 5½	...	0 15 6½	...	3 14 9½
11	...	1 0 0	...	0 3 8½	...	0 16 3½	...	2 17 9
12	...	1 0 0	...	0 2 10½	...	0 17 1½	...	2 0 7½
13	...	1 0 0	...	0 2 0	...	0 18 0	...	1 2 7½
14	...	1 0 0	...	0 1 1½	...	0 18 10½	...	0 3 9
15	...	0 3 11	...	0 0 2	...	0 3 9	...	—
	£14 3 11			£4 3 11		£10 0 0		

So well has this scheme worked, that when I was there in December, 1900, not a single occupier was in arrear, there had been no friction of any kind, and the Landowners' Court had £700 to its credit. Moreover, what Major Poore prizes still more than pecuniary success, an important social result has been achieved. He has solved a problem that has beaten many owners of land; he has got English people to co-operate in the best way for the common good. And the plan adopted was that dictated by natural common-sense, that is to say, by the establishment of a community of interest. It will be observed that the land was purchased for £10 an acre and sold for £15, and as the expenses have been almost nil, a considerable profit has been made. To avoid any legal dispute arising, this at first was claimed by Major Poore as absolutely his own to do with as he liked, and had he pocketed the difference he would only have followed the ordinary business practice. Needless to say, that was never his intention; he did not and does not desire to make one penny out of the transaction. The Landowners' Court is empowered to deal with the money. As will be seen, its chief payments have been made to such of the peasant holders as wished to borrow on mortgage. Of course anyone is at liberty to apply for this privilege, but it is for the Landowners' Court to decide as to whether it should be granted or not. The Landowners' Court is a limited liability company composed of all the owners, each being entitled to one share, and is therefore in the very best position to know exactly whom to trust. No doubt, too, that has been a help towards the efficient collection of the rates, tithes, and rents. It is possible to bamboozle the most astute agent, or, by a hypocritical appeal, for the defaulter to win over a landlord; but these neighbours, with a perfect knowledge of character as well as resources, are a terror to those who would shirk. The scheme in this respect has acted with mechanical precision, as is evident from the circumstance told with pardonable pride by Major Poore to the writer, that these poor hard-working peasants have somehow found a matter of £5,000 between them for redemption, building, etc., since the scheme was started. It shows what poor people can do when they set their minds on attaining a given end. Nearly all the peasant owners are of the poorest class and accustomed to work for a matter of 15s. or 16s. a week, so that to save so much, even with the help of garden

and allotment produce, was scarcely within the range of possibility. A little conversation with them, however, shows that they struck in and one helped another, even servant girls at places saving up for the common hoard, so that these holdings in many cases do really belong to whole families, who are bound together more closely than ever by the fact of sharing in this possession. It is the same with the fund that has been accumulated; it forms a welcome bond between the members of the

community, and, of course, makes them reluctant to sell the land again, for they have no legal claim to the surplus which nevertheless is destined for their benefit.

In a future article I hope to deal with the tiny white homesteads that looked so pretty in the grey light of a December day, but in the meanwhile append the balance-sheet of the company, which will show how ingeniously the scheme was drawn up and how admirably it works.

ANDERSON GRAHAM.

LANDOWNERS' COURT, WINTERSLOW.

Statement of Receipts and Expenditure for the Year ending July 31st, 1899.

REVENUE ACCOUNT, 1898-99.

PAYMENTS.							
		£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
29 Sept., 1898	Waterlow & Sons, Printing Leases	3	10	0			
22 March, 1899	Rent of Hall, &c.; Receipt and Postage	0	10	2			
28 April, 1899	Herring	1	0	0			
31 " "	Cheque Bk., 2s. 6d.; Supper, £1 12s. 2d.; Registration Stamp, 5s.	1	19	8			
5 " "	Mr. Witt, Auditor's Fee	1	1	0			
9 " "	Hy. Annetts, for Road	1	10	0			
22 March, "	Secretary's Salary	9	10	10			
29 Sept., 1898	Tithe, Rev. J. C. Noel	8	15	10			
22 March, 1899	" "	8	15	10			
		17	11	8			
10 Nov., 1898	" Rev. W. Dowding	2	6	0			
25 April, 1899	" "	2	5	7			
		4	11	7			
6 Feb., 1899	Rate	2	8	10			
4 July, "	" "	3	1	0			
		5	9	10			
13 April, 1899	Law Charges, Messrs. Fulton and Pye-Smith	27	13	1			
		9	5	2			
		51	9	1			
Mortgages issued:							
29 Nov., 1898	Uriah Collins	50	0	0			
27 May, 1899	Andrew Sheppard	20	0	0			
6 June, "	Stephen Williams	10	0	0			
		80	0	0			
		131	9	1			
	Balance at Bank	324	2	10			

£455 11 11

SHARE ACCOUNT.

Nominal Capital—2 400 Shares at 5s. each, £600							
240 ditto paid up	£60 0 0

RECEIPTS.

	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Balance from last year, July, 1898	95 12 6
Half-year ending September, 1898:							
1 Division	17	15	10				
2A "	9	8	0				
2B "	17	0	0				
3 & 4 "	11	3	0				
5 "	2	16	3				
	5	3	1				
Half-year ending March, 1899:							
1 Division	15	5	10				
2A "	9	8	0				
2B "	17	0	0				
3 & 4 "	11	3	0				
5 "	2	16	3				
	55	13	1				
				113	16	2	
Paid off Capital Account:							
8 Nov., 1898	Edwin Pearce	60	13	0			
9 May, 1899	Uriah Collins	30	1	4			
14 " "	Stephen Williams	0	11	9½			
		3	13	1½			
					91	6	1½
Mortgage Account:							
29 Sept., 1898	Principal	8	0	0			
25 March, 1899	"	9	5	0			
		17	5	0			
29 Sept., 1898	Interest	5	1	6			
25 March, 1899	"	5	3	5½			
		10	4	11½			
					27	9	11½
					100	0	0
							32 12 8
9 May, 1899	Uriah Collins, Mortgage paid off						
29 Sept., 1898	Tithe	11	4	6			
25 March, 1899	"	11	5	0			
		22	9	6			
" "	Rate	4	4	11½			
		26	14	5½			
8 Nov., 1898	Edwin Pearce, Stamp, 12s. 6d.; Extra half-pence, 2d.	0	12	8½			
					27	7	2
							359 19 5
							£455 11 11

SURPLUS FUND AND MORTGAGE ACCOUNT.

Div.	Name.	Repayment Loan begins.	Original Amount.	Paid off.	Value after 25 March, 1899.
		£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
1	Hy. Annetts	25 Sept., 1895	20 0 0	4 0 0	16 0 0
	"	25 Mar., 1897	10 0 0	1 5 0	8 15 0
			30 0 0	5 5 0	24 15 0
2A	Andrew Sheppard	25 Mar., 1893	100 0 0	7 10 0	92 10 0
	"	27 May, 1899	20 0 0	—	20 0 0
			120 0 0	7 10 0	112 10 0
"	Edw. Stone	25 Mar., 1898	100 0 0	7 10 0	92 10 0
	"	29 Sept., 1898	40 0 0	1 0 0	39 0 0
			140 0 0	8 10 0	131 10 0
3 & 4	Silas Stone	25 Mar., 1897	40 0 0	5 0 0	35 0 0
	"	22 Mar., 1898	10 0 0	0 15 0	9 5 0
			50 0 0	5 15 0	44 5 0
5	Jas. Coleman	25 Mar., 1898	30 0 0	6 15 0	23 5 0
	John Shears	25 Mar., 1895	10 0 0	0 5 0	9 15 0
	"	29 Sept., 1893	10 0 0	0 5 0	9 15 0
			40 0 0	7 0 0	33 0 0
1	Stephen Williams	335 5 0
					10 0 0
					345 5 0
					324 2 10
					£669 7 10

Audited and found correct, November 13th, 1899.

HENRY T. WITT.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

It would require a great deal of agricultural Mark Tapleyism to say that the year 1901 is likely to bring with it very bright prospects for farmers. On the contrary, the outlook is simply dismal. The chance of a rise in wheat has apparently slipped away, and the official quotation is only a little over 26s. a quarter, compared with 113s. at the opening of the century. In England it used to be reckoned that wheat could not be profitably grown at less than 40s. a quarter, and if we make a very generous allowance for the greater cheapness, due to improved machinery and so on, 30s. must be considered the minimum at which English wheat can repay cultivation. The official price, therefore, means a dead loss on this crop. Nor is this all that can be said. In 1900 the conditions were as favourable for a rise as they are likely to be for many a day, since crops were short in nearly all the great wheat-growing areas, and nowhere were they very abundant. Towards the middle of the year even the most cautious farmers looked forward to enhanced prices. All the greater then has been their disappointment.

The outlook for stock is even more serious. It was foreseen as soon as the price of meat began to rise that the enterprise of foreign and colonial shippers would be vastly stimulated, and this has been the case. Dead meat is arriving in quantities that must very soon lower the value of the home product. Moreover, a new way has been found to dispose of it. Formerly it all went to the butcher, and doubtless was frequently sold as English. But of late a new practice has grown up, especially in the provinces, for grocers to sell Australian mutton and American beef as well as their ordinary commodities, and they find this a more profitable line than the disposal of bacon. But it is bound to have the effect of lowering prices. The grocer, since he does not depend on meat, is able to cut

his profit down to the very lowest margin, and hence we are probably entering upon an era of cheap meat such as we have had no experience of. Nothing will be left undone by our competitors to make the trade a great one. Already we hear that the latest consignments are being sent cut into joints and in every way prepared to meet the convenience of the grocer.

Taken together, the circumstances cannot be described otherwise than as ominous for those farmers who continue to work at what used to be regarded as the two main lines of their occupation, viz., wheat-growing and stock-raising, confirming also the judgment of those who say that the most economical use to which land can be put just now is the production of those articles for which there is a ready market—vegetables, small fruit, and so forth. No foreigner can put these before the customer so fresh and good as those who are living at his side. It also is an argument in favour of the small holding, on which this system of cultivation can be more conveniently pursued.

The following notes upon a matter that has come up frequently of late have been sent in by an exceptionally well-informed correspondent in Northumberland:

"Of the many changes that have taken place during the last quarter of a century in country labouring life, perhaps none is more noticeable nor more pregnant for the coming generation than the revolution in food. Formerly, a farm servant was paid nearly altogether in the produce of the farm—barley, oats, potatoes. He had his free cottage and small piece of ground, with a pig and a cow, but the cow no longer helps to support him. Whether it is that the farmer cannot afford, with the high wages, to feed it, or whether the hind's wife lacks the energy to milk, it is difficult to say. The latter reason may hold good, as very

few country women will milk now, through a notion spread amongst them that it is not women's work. Certainly the effect on the people of the loss of the cow and the new method of payment is considerable. The average hind does not live now on such substantial fare as porridge and milk, barley bannocks, and oatcakes. He uses the finest white bread, a surprising amount of tea, sugar, jam, and butter, supplemented by rashers of bacon. The children are brought up on white bread, plenty of sugar, and a very small quantity of milk—which the hind grudges buying—and, as soon as infancy is past, the eternal beverage of tea. This is what is supposed to supply the constituents of bone and muscle, and it is only the splendid tonic of the air that makes the child grow up moderately healthy. But the new generation reaching maturity is mostly marked by decayed teeth and digestive troubles that lead to anæmia. One is astonished to see at country hirings the number of young women guiltless of teeth, and with the inherited ruddiness of their cheeks surrounded by a too-great whiteness.

"Instead of buying milk and oatmeal, the attractive shops of towns are ransacked to supply elegant dresses for Sunday wear. The quantity of clothes they buy is often unbelievable, and not for being durable and good, but for fashion

and showiness. They have to wear veils and kid gloves and furs, and their hair has to be well curled and crowned with a fashionable hat. The new style of field worker is well known. A family, as Mr. Wilson Fox has shown, may get £200 a year into their household, and yet so utterly thriftless and extravagant have they become, that they have often difficulties to make ends meet. We cannot expect a bold and robust peasantry under such conditions, and every effort should be made to show them how their foolish living is weakening the strength of the nation. The day may come when the survival of it may solely depend on the physical fitness of the people, and we prepare but ill for such a crisis, however we may improve the mental outlook. Our labourers as a class have lost the early intelligence that provided for a healthy animal life, and have obtained a superficial education that prevents them from the exercise of primitive faculties and the instinct of self-preservation, while science has not yet enlightened them with her researches. A savage will build his hut with regard to the primary laws of life, as, for instance, near good water; a scientific man will do the same; but he who is neither one nor the other will build on a marsh and drink poison."



AT THE THEATRE

"THE Sleeping Beauty and the Beast" at Drury Lane, in the respect of daintiness and charm, is the best pantomime of recent years, and it is at least as gorgeous and beautiful as any of its predecessors. Though one hesitates to say so, the great

spectacle, "The Awakening of Beauty," excels in loveliness and æsthetic effect any of the marvels that have gone before. In it the Seasons are shown us with an imagination, a taste, a grace of colouring, in detail and in combination, impossible to paint in words. The stage is a bower of delicate green, red, black, and white, blended by intermediate tints of the tenderest shades—the green of foliage, the red of holly and of poppies, the black of swallows' wings, the white of snow. Cupids, standard bearers, maypoles, sportsmen, add movement and animation. Berries glowing with a thousand lights lend the final touch of brilliancy.

The Enchanted Crystal Palace, more bizarre, more startling than purely beautiful, is yet a striking and wonderful affair—a temple of opal-like glass, through which myriads of tiny lamps gleam vaguely; a wall of fountains, leaping to the skies, an ever-changing fairy stream, each jet a different colour and all the colours of the rainbow mingled, uncountable prisms of innumerable tints; the stage ablaze with light, then mysteriously darkened, while flashes of flame dart hither and thither magically; a mass of whirling dancers to the soft music of the strings and the plash of falling waters.

In reverting to the old-fashioned "transformation" at the end, the management has not been so successful, for the effect is crude and rather ugly. If this were designed for children only it could have been pretty, if it were worth doing at all.

But, besides the two ostensible "show scenes," there are others hardly less attractive. In many ways, the Palace of the New Republic is one of the best ever placed in a pantomime. In design of the scene itself, the costumes, the songs, and the dances, it is almost comic-operatic. Picturesque splendour pervades it. The crowds of satin-coated, bewigged courtiers, the ornate uniforms of soldiers, the springy figure of the President, a character admirably played by Mr. Laurence Caird, certainly give the effect of more than ordinarily magnificent comic-opera. The opening scene, too, not conventionally "dark," but bright and brilliant, with charmingly devised fairies, with music much above the pantomime average, strikes a note of delicacy and taste which is maintained, almost unbroken, through the whole entertainment. The Royal Aviary, also, though more purely pantomimic in action, is dainty and original; the sudden vision of weird women spinning to the musical whirr of the wheels, is another example of the inventive imagination brought to bear on the last Drury Lane "annual" of the century.

This atmosphere of comic-opera is sustained by the musical treatment throughout. In Miss Elaine Ravensburg we have a pantomime prince, sufficiently dashing, who sings, with a full rich

voice of pure and mellow tone, ballads of much sweetness. In Miss Madge Lessing, a very popular burlesque actress in America, we have a heroine who is not merely a doll on which to hang enchanting frocks. She has *espièglerie*, a sly humour, a suggestion of devilment, a finish and a method almost too delicate for a huge house like Drury Lane. Her songs, evidently imported, were not quite appropriate, and, so far as this country is concerned, the imitation French chanson is out of date. The glorified American "coon" song, also a little *passé*, may be excused because of its immense "go" and its avalanche of sound, its torrential spirit. Of course it is quite inexcusable for a Royal Princess in a fairy story, to don the knickerbockers of the stage coon, accompanied by a retinue of stage coons, but the dash and vim of the thing, one supposes, must be a sufficient excuse. Mr. Glover, as usual, has brought together a wonderful collection of popular airs; but, besides these, there are choruses and part-singing on a considerably higher plane.

As for the fun, there was more than usual on Boxing Night, and by this time Mr. Leno, Mr. Campbell, Mr. Emney, and the rest, will have filled in the blanks with uproarious humour. Mr. Leno, of course, is a genuine artist, with a power of observation which is genius itself; of his *genre*, he is truly great. Mr. Campbell is an excellent foil to him; Mr. Emney provides that variety which was the one thing necessary after a long series of the "dual control" of Mr. Leno and Mr. Campbell. Their songs were not remarkable for cleverness or "catchiness," but perhaps this has been remedied ere this. The scenes of the Hydro, the robbing of the museum of the Royal jewels, the motor-car adventures, the prison, provide the opportunity for unstinted fun, and, even on the first performance, made us laugh heartily many times. Nor may we forget the funniments of Mr. Sparrow, the Mad Juggler, and the clever magical tricks of Mdlle. Dicka, in summing up the assets of the pantomime.

An excellent departure is made by the engagement of a lady, Miss Alice Aynesley Cook, for the Witch; she and Miss Violet Grazia, the Good Fairy, spoke their words with elocutionary effect very rare in Christmas plays. Miss Molly Lowell makes a sprightly young lordling; Mr. Ernest d'Auban's dancing—of which there is much too little—and the Grigolati Flying Troupe, are most valuable in the general scheme.

To Mr. Arthur Collins, the generalissimo, to M. Comelli, the artist who designed all these poetic, imaginative, and artistic dresses, to Mr. Caney, Mr. McCleery, Mr. Bruce Smith, Mr. Hicks, and Mr. Brook, who painted the scenes, the heartiest praise is due for the manifold attractions of this most gigantic show.

VERY popular indeed should be the stirring revival of "King Henry the Fifth" at the Lyceum by Mr. Lewis Waller and William Mollison. Everything is in exactly the right spirit. In this play Shakespeare attempted no subtlety, no psychology, no finesse, and the Lyceum management have not

tried, for their own glorification, to improve upon the author by attempting to engraft any of these qualities on the reproduction of his work. On the contrary, they have entered into his mood, and present a lusty, vigorous, full-flavoured representation of one of the most martial and militant of all the chronicle plays.

It is sufficiently gorgeous to appeal to a public nurtured on stage spectacle; there are crowds of soldiers and courtiers, striking and handsome stage pictures. The production, as production, does not vie with the imaginative beauties of a representation at Her Majesty's; it is all straightforward and obvious; but we are given a fine series of pageants and battles nevertheless.

And the text has been treated with sufficient reverence, while a little scholarly pamphlet by Mr. Sidney Lee is provided. Mr. Lee, in this instance, does not upbraid, with censure reserved apparently for Mr. Tree, the management to whom he has given the *cachet* of his name, for spoiling Shakespeare by beautifying his work with the aid of all the arts. The scenes of the French King have been ruthlessly curtailed; but we need not mind that, and it was probably unavoidable. We have again the Chorus, edited with tact and care, a most imposing Chorus in the person of Miss Lily Hanbury, whose statuesque beauty, and admirable delivery of the resonant verse, give dignity and impressiveness to the whole performance.

It would be difficult to praise too highly the King Harry of Mr. Lewis Waller. Of course he revels in the part; he is made for it. So long as he has not to give "character" to the part he may assume, so long as he does not have to mask in any way his own personality, Mr. Waller is always a commanding figure on the stage. His manly bearing, his strong and handsome face, his splendid voice, and his air of dash and virility are exactly fitted to the heroic Henry V. The long apostrophes have no terrors for him; he gives them with fire and music and conviction. The speeches before Agincourt and Harfleur are grandly spoken, and the softer moments find a more chastened manner and a gentler modulation of the voice. All London should see Mr. Waller in this part.

Mr. Mollison's Pistol is quite an admirable example of Shakespearian comedy acting. Without clowning, he brings a rich ripe humour to the character; he is the swashbuckler, the swaggerer, the boasting poltroon to the life. The scenes between him and Mr. Robson, who plays Fluellen capitally, are full of fun. Mr. Barnes, as Williams, Mr. Charles Rock, as Nym, Mr. Goodheart, as Bardolph—all are admirable. The little study of the French Soldier, by Mr. Ivan Watson, is an extremely clever piece of work. Not wholly from fault of theirs, the French King of Mr. Bassett Roe and the Dauphin of Mr. Gerald Lawrence are ineffective. Miss Sarah Brooke, as Katharine, acts very daintily and demurely; Miss Kate Phillips, as the Hostess, Mr. Tom Heslewood, as Erpingham, and many others play earnestly and attractively.

THE children will love "Shock-Headed Peter," every morning save Saturday, at the Garrick Theatre, and children and others of all ages will find pleasure in the little drama which precedes it. "The Man who Stole the Castle," by Mr. Tom Gallon and Mr. Leon M. Lion, is a pathetic and touching play, in which, however, there is nothing gloomy or sombre. Its sadness is of the kind which does not pain. There is no bitterness in the tears. The simple, tender little story is acted with simplicity and tenderness by two delightful children, Miss Beatrice Terry, of the wonderful Terry family, and Miss Queenie May, and by Mr. Grahame Browne. It concerns two little aristocrats, a rother and sister, who come back to their ancestral castle, which has been sold by their dead father to pay his debts. It ends by the goodhearted young parvenu, a town-bred rake, handing their home back to them. It is very sweet and affecting. "Shock-Headed Peter" reproduces on the stage in quite a wonderful degree the humour of Struwwelpeter. Amplified by a chorus of boys and girls, and pictured in a garden scene which will recall to the youngsters the Noah's Ark from the Lowther Arcade, the adventures of Peter himself, and Fidgetty Phil, and Augustus, who wouldn't eat his soup and got thinner and thinner, of Harriet and the Blackamoor, of Papa and Mamma—they are all members of one family on the stage—are set forth most whimsically and spiritedly by the adaptors, Messrs. Philip Carr and Nigel Playfair, accentuated by simple but lively music written by Mr. Walter Rubens. Nothing could be better as an entertainment for the children during the Christmas holidays. The chief parts are played by Mr. Grossmith, jun., as Peter, Miss Kitty Loftus, as Harriet, Mr. Herz, Mr. Woodward, Mr. Ramsey, Mr. Crompton, and Miss Bishop. Little Miss Beadon dances very prettily.

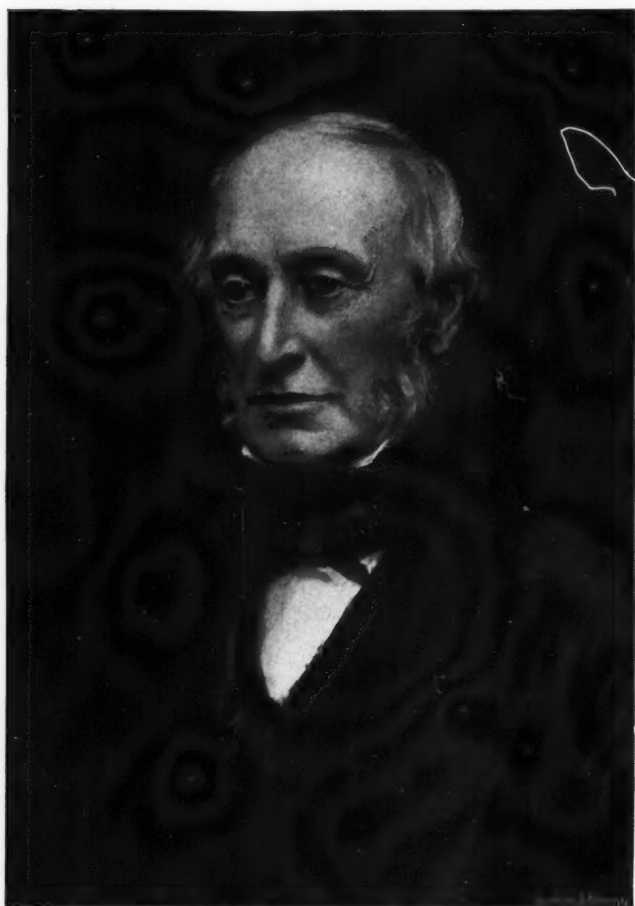
"Alice in Wonderland," at the Vaudeville, is another show which the little ones must not be allowed to miss. With Miss Ellaline Terriss for Alice, all that is sweet and poetical in the story is brought out; with Mr. Seymour Hicks for the Mad Hatter, liveliness and high spirits must prevail. Many fascinating children play various characters and win all our hearts. Mr. Murray King and Mr. Cheesman are once again the irresistible Tweedledum and Tweedledee, and other clever people are also engaged in the company. The stage is filled with pretty dresses, and Mr. Walter Slaughter's tuneful music charms the ear. It would be breaking a butterfly on a wheel to pick out minor faults in such an entertainment. At the matinées, there is a real Punch-and-Judy show and a series of magic-lantern pictures.

Wholly in the Christmas spirit was the performance of "The Merry Wives of Windsor" by the Benson Company at the Comedy Theatre. It was the best of all their Shakespearian representations. Mr. Weir, as Falstaff; Mr. Benson, as Dr. Caius; Miss Elsie Chester, as Mistress Page; Mr. Rodney, as Ford; Mr. Swete, as Slender; Miss Braithwaite, as Anne; Messrs. Herbert, Asche, and Whitby, as Bardolph, Pistol, and Nym, extract all the fun there is in the farce, for it is nothing more; and if the manner of it was at times not quite

Shakespearian, we forgive that for the sake of its high spirits and its good humour. Mr. Benson has gathered around him a capital band of players, if he will not be too ambitious in his selection of plays. "The Merry Wives" is brightly staged. PHCEBUS.

A GREAT INVENTOR.

IT is impossible to contemplate the long and successful life of the late Lord Armstrong without coming to the conclusion that there is, or at any rate was at the beginning of the nineteenth century, something of wonderful quality in the Tyneside air. William George Armstrong was born in 1810, the only son of a Newcastle merchant. At that time George Stephenson was on the eve of inventing the safety lamp, which was to be followed by the locomotive in 1814, and Robert Stephenson, his almost greater son, was seven years old. George Elliott, who was to have so successful a career, was born in the district about the same time; so was John Nixon, the true founder of the South Wales coal trade, and the inventor of many useful appliances. Of all that wonderful group Lord Armstrong was the last survivor, and his practical influence upon the course of history was perhaps greater than that of any



THE LATE LORD ARMSTRONG.

of them except the Stephensons, for he excelled in the arts of war and of peace. The inventor of the Armstrong guns was also the inventor of the Armstrong cranes and of the present method of transmitting and utilising hydraulic power. It is positively wonderful to reflect that this mechanical and engineering genius, to whom it was mere pastime to think over the ways in which the forces of Nature could be brought under the control of man as manageable power, who founded the huge Elswick works, who equipped half the world with ships of war and with guns, was actually at one time a solicitor and practised that respectable, but somewhat prosaic, profession in his native city. Some day, no doubt, his life will be written in full, and it will be possible to trace in detail the qualities which made for so great a success. What we know of him now is that he had genius, that indefinable quality, and industry, and good taste in art and architecture (which frequently goes with mechanical genius), that he was just, and firm, and generous, and that he had large views. No small measure of his success was undoubtedly due to his rare faculty for judging the characters and the capabilities of men while they were still young, and of attracting them to the Elswick works. Thus Sir Andrew Noble, born in 1832, had only just obtained recognition as one of the highest authorities on ordnance and armour-plates and explosives when, in 1860, he was spirited off to Elswick. In like manner

the present Chief Constructor to the Navy and his predecessor were both Elswick men, and we are greatly mistaken if the young men at Elswick now have not among them some who will reach the highest place. It was at Elswick that one could realise the greatness of the world's work done by Lord Armstrong and the great enterprise he had founded. There once, lying in the murky river when the writer was present, were two ships of war built for South American Governments, of which one had sunk the other in battle, and both had come back for repairs to the river that gave them birth. Something like a score of ships of war were in the building at Elswick and at the yard down stream; guns innumerable were in process of construction, and the measurements of those which were complete were inscribed in many languages. Next day we launched a Japanese vessel, next day a Chilean, and next day one of some other nationality. It was wonderful. Then, during the expiring war, Elswick (never too well treated by the British Government) has equipped a battery. In fact, it is a great place, far and away the greatest of its kind to be found in the wide world, and Lord Armstrong was its founder and its father. He had done little work of late, but his brain was never idle, and it may fairly be said of him that, many and great as were his inventions, they would have been greater still but for the intricacy of the Patent Laws, which were about the only thing with which he lost patience. His declining years were spent at Crag-side.

WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

SOME UNNATURAL HISTORY.

D ECEMBER 31ST.—So ends a year that will long be memorable for the absence of cold during its last two months, inasmuch that most of the daily papers kept a corner constantly open for records of the "abnormal mildness." And what funny records some of these are! In a carriage on the "Twopenny Tube" in London, according to one correspondent, a handsome "scarlet butterfly" was caught early in December; but there is, unfortunately, no such thing as a scarlet butterfly to be found in England at any season. Only a few days before Christmas, again, in a churchyard on the South Coast a swallow was seen "hopping contentedly about." Who ever saw a swallow hopping about?

SPARROWS' WINTER NESTS.

The sparrow has also deceived many well-meaning observers, who have rushed into print with the conclusion that he must be nesting because they have seen him carrying feathers about, whereas those who are familiar with this ready-witted bird know that he is always active in winter lining his sleeping nook with feathers. I know a patch of ivy, near some farm buildings, where many sparrows are reared in summer, which is always untidy in winter with the feathers they litter about; but they never nest there. The sparrows who feather these sleeping-places are probably birds of the year, which have been expelled by their parents from the old home and have not yet had occasion to make a home for themselves. Next to the ivy, the evergreen oak (holm oak or holly oak) is the favourite roosting-place of sparrows in winter, though here they seem to recognise the inutility of sticking feathers among its twigs. No use appears to be made in winter of the numerous old nests of thrushes and blackbirds which remain in snug corners in the evergreens, and might, one would think, be easily converted into cosy cubicles for three or four sparrows; although I have known a cat resort to one daily for her midday snooze. She could just manage to curl herself up upon it, with her back supported by a branch and the trunk of the evergreen. The sparrows always held a council of war above their sleeping enemy, and no doubt they always sentenced her to death; but the sentence was never executed.

NESTS AS TABLES.

In the hedges, however, many birds of the thrush kind use the old nests as tables, on which they eat at their leisure berries plucked from neighbouring branches. On the ground, no doubt, they are always liable to be surprised by hungry enemies, for, however watchful a bird may be, its eyes are raised only a few inches above the ground, and the nearest tufts of grass limit its horizon. This explains the universal habit of "crouching" among ground game and ground birds. It may seem ridiculous to us that partridges or hares should think they are hidden by flattening their brown backs to the level of the green grass, but as a defence against their natural enemies, weasel, stoat, and cat, or even at a short distance against dog or fox, the protection is perfect. Now, a thrush would be very much at the mercy of its enemies, who see it plainly enough picking berries, if it descended always to the ground to eat what it could not swallow straight off; so an old nest in the bare hedge often comes in very handy as an elevated dinner-table whence the bird gets a view all round, and you may often find those which are conveniently situated near a lerry tree filled to the brim with the discarded fragments of many meals. Here, too, comes the wren, creeping along the hedge-row like a mouse, sidling and hopping from twig to twig till it reaches the old nest. For a moment it perches on the brim, cock-tailed and alert, and then boldly jumps inside, where for some minutes there is brave foraging for the small spiders and beetles and maggots which always find a home in the decay of an old bird's nest.

MISPLACED CUNNING.

The habit of "crouching" among ground birds is peculiarly illustrated by a plover which lives in one of our yards. Every time that the door is opened he runs into a corner, and there crouches almost level with the earth, not even moving when you advance to pick him up. There is obviously no conscious act of concealment, because he is most conspicuous in the bare corner, whereas there is some rough earth in the middle where he could really hide. But it is evidently the inherited habit of the peewit when surprised to run to a corner and crouch in it, and it does not matter to him whether the corner happens to be the whitewashed angle of a wall which shows him up distinctly. In the same way hares have learned to squat at the approach of danger, and never learn that by doing so in the middle of a long furrow they become ridiculously conspicuous from either end of the field.

INSTINCT WITHOUT REASON.

Jackals, too, in the East are so accustomed to enjoy invisibility at dusk simply by standing still, that if they happen to be upon the skyline at the moment when they scent danger they will stand still there clearly silhouetted against the sky. Also if you happen to come across them on a burnt patch of ground, where the black background makes their sandy grey coats plainly visible, they will stand as still as statues until they catch your eye and know that they are discovered, when they are off as no animal but a jackal can go off. They do not bolt like a rabbit, or bound off like a deer, or run like a cat; they simply leave. If you take a lantern out of doo's you may see its light fall upon a small bush and make it look very like a grey jackal. Blow the lantern out, and you will realise the method of a jackal's disappearance. Yet place this cunning and evasive shadow in dissimilar surroundings, and he will give himself away every time, because he has no art of conscious mimicry. The process of natural selection has given him a certain colour and certain habits to go with it, suited to his ordinary circumstances; change the latter, and he is lost. That is the point at which animal intelligence almost always fails to act; and it is just as well, for jackals like little babies, and, if they had sense, they could get one for dinner every day.

NIGHT WATCHERS.

Besides the habit of crouching, one thing very necessary to the continued existence of ground birds and animals that are apt to get eaten if they are caught, is wakefulness at night. As a rule people do not walk much by night in the open spaces of wild country which such creatures affect; but if you happen to approach a place where plovers are "sleeping," do not think that you can get by without the whole country-side being warned about you. Snipe, too, are very watchful after dark, and the other night the air seemed full of their harsh cries of alarm when I made a short cut home across some low-lying pastures. Larks also take flight very readily at the sound of approaching footsteps, and in the short nights of summer you may sometimes fill the air with music at midnight by walking about a field and putting up the larks.

THE HUNTED PEEWIT.

But in spite of—or rather as the cause of—their watchfulness, ground-roosting birds supply the greater part of the larder of our few beasts of prey. The peewit especially, though the wariest of birds, falls a victim, and on the margins of fields where these plovers live, you may almost always find the scattered feathers which show where stoat or weasel "killed." No fewer than seven dead plovers were taken out of a stoat's burrow near here, and only the other day we found a freshly-killed and partly-eaten plover in a rat's hole. In spite, too, of its amazing quickness in avoiding the stoop of a falcon, the peewit seems always to be singled out for pursuit by a wandering hawk, when he has choice of many kinds; and on such an occasion I have seen the hunted peewit dive and swoop among a flight of scared rooks, when the puzzled hawk pursued one rook for a little way, but quickly left it and returned after the plover, thus losing both. I have seen a hen sparrow-hawk, too, drop quietly over a hedge into a field where plovers were feeding and try to take one of them, but though the chase was hot all the way down the field, and the hawk's swoops seemed quick as lightning, I do not think that the two birds were ever on the same side of the hedge together. There were never more than a few yards between them, but every time the hawk dashed down the peewit with a mad somersault managed to put himself on "the other side." E. K. R.



I N common with a good many others, I have just got the engraving of the portrait of Lord Willoughby de Broke. The original, it will be recollected, was presented to the late Master of the Warwickshire on his retirement. Though a pleasant addition to my gallery of sporting pictures, yet just at this time the sight of it reminds me of the bad luck that is pursuing one of the best-managed hunts in the kingdom. First, Brown, the huntsman, killed his horse and broke his collar-bone over some barbed wire near Debdale. Then Mr. Verney, who was hunting the hounds after the accident to Brown, wrenched his knee at a gate. Besides these mishaps there were two other accidents from wire. Then, of course, the daily papers will have told of the sad deaths of Mr. Hanbury and Mr. E. Walford, both well-known followers of the Warwickshire. With the two last-named accidents wire had nothing to do. They belonged to the ordinary casualties of the hunting-field, the risks of which we must all undergo. Lord Willoughby de Broke has recently in the *Badminton Magazine* expressed his opinion on the subject of wire fences. With this view, in common with most hunting men, I agree heartily; but I am bound to say that for offenders in the matter of wire there are none to equal the owners of gentlemen's small places from, say, 100 acres downward. The farmer can rightly plead necessity and economy for the use of wire, but the class of people to whom I refer have neither excuse in their favour, yet if all the wire on such places was removed the difference would be great.

In the North Warwickshire country it is said that Lord Percy St. Maur, who is at Malta with his Militia regiment, will retire, leaving Mr. Arkwright in sole charge. Captain Burns-Hartopp of the Quorn may not be able to hunt the country next season, and the committee will have to consider what arrangement should be made. If it is possible to keep the present Master on any terms, I trust we may do so.

There have been quite a series of Christmas entertainments given by hunting tenants and residents to their poorer neighbours. Mr. and Mrs. Alan Pennington of Ragdale have always been noted for their kindness in this respect, so have Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Phillips of Old Dalby Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Hedworth Barclay of Gaddesby, and many others. Mr. Durlacker, who is compared to these a new comer, has also sent presents of turkeys to the farmers and help to the labourers in the parish of Thorp Satchville. But not all the sea

and cake or beef and beer that can be distributed has half the effect in making hunting popular as has the custom of meeting on Boxing Day in the market-place of some town in the district of the hunt. If, in addition to this, the Masters sacrifice a fox and half a day's sport to showing the foot-people some fun, the pleasure given is out of all proportion to the self-denial. These Christmas celebrations I admire, but since I like hunting in quiet and with plenty of room, I confess to staying away. Looking back over the week, in spite of Christmas Day and Boxing Day somewhat interfering with the sport, it has been by no means a bad week. Disappointing, indeed, was it to go home on Monday without a hunt, but the fog made us feel that it was impossible. Hunting in a fog is like chasing an echo in the folds of a damp blanket. Then the question arose as to the best employment for Boxing Day. My stable companion elected to go to the Pytchley. "On the theory of averages they ought to have a run. Crowd? Well, if hounds run hard, what does the crowd matter?" So he went, with the result detailed below. The other partner chose the Belvoir at Croxton Park. This fixture has some associations not of the brightest. The writer was one of a party of five who drove thither ten years ago. Of these three are gone, and one is in South Africa. On arrival it was a pleasant surprise to find no overwhelming crowd.

To Bescoby Oaks we went, but Capell's cheer brought no response. Then Sproxtton Thorns. Here there was a fox, but he was underground, so the Master decided to dig. However, luckily for the fox, someone moved an outlier close to the covert; so the first fox was left and hounds laid on the second. He took a wavering, undecided sort of line, and eventually ran into Coston, but left the covert, and took an unenterprising little ring round it, and back. The observant man could ride the inside of a circle all day so far. Then suddenly everything changed for the better. I was told that from Coston on the second trial a bigger fox than the hunted one went away. He was also better, and hounds ran really fast over a part of the well-known grass line from Coston to Woodwellhead. The wise man always saves his best horse for the Belvoir. There is rough ground outside Coston, but hounds were now really running. The line lay up wind, but the fox swung away to the left, and even with the inside of the turn we needed to gallop to keep with them. Alas, at or near Sewstern Village we changed, and eventually marked a fox to ground at Colsterworth. The last part was good hunting, the earlier pleasant galloping.

In the meantime the Pytchley had been having the best gallop they have had so far this season. Let me sketch the run. If you know this part of the country you will remember that from Sally Gorse to Hothorpe Hills is a likely line, but an undesirable one. Nevertheless, the hills were the point of a bold fox which headed back from the north side of the covert, wheeled round, and ran

once clear of allotments, to Kelmash they ran fast again, and not long after John Isaac handled his fox.

There is no more heinous sin than shirking the meet and trying to cut in with hounds later. You are very likely to head the fox. Some excuse may be made for the man with a short stable in an open season and on the occasion of a Christmas meet. So when I read Great Bowden on the card, I determined not to go, but to chance picking up the hounds and give a young horse half a day. I was just beginning to think that I had miscalculated, when I saw the horse's ears



Photo.

GOING TO THE MEET.

Copyright

go forward. Shortly after I heard the tramp of many hoofs on the soft road. Trying to look as if I was only out for a ride on this pleasant, rather warm day, I went forward. It was plain that Noseley Wood was to be drawn. This is a good place to wait; the rather straggling hedge makes a screen. There is the fox—no, I won't holloa. Hounds are running in covert. If they are hunting this fox, they will get here just as soon; if not, there is no good. Yes, that was the right one, and a scent. The hounds come out, and without the least hesitation fling themselves on the line. Here come two or three men, and I know the leader, the man on the chestnut, will certainly make a hole in the hedge. He does, and the four year old follows, even then finding the ditch wide enough for his inexperience. He learns there is a bit of timber, but he flies it with friendly rap-tap from his hind hoofs.

Now I know this country fairly well, and there is another rather wide ditch. The youngster's blood is up, so let him learn confidence. There is no particular place in the fence, so we release our unconscious pilot with inward thanks and sail down at the big fence. It needs pace, only a slight steady, and then note how a good horse learns his work. He nearly fell at the first ditch; he lands with a yard to spare over this. A slight turn brings us alongside the pack, and when I pull up at Allextion Wood we have had just one of those spins that make a raw horse into a good hunter. A slight over-reach and a cut on the flank from a thorn—no, I was not holding on by the spurs, for mine have no rowels—and so we turn home. I wish I was a millionaire, or something, that I might buy Allextion Wood, now in the market, and keep it as a home of rest for Cottesmore foxes. I am afraid my letter this week is all field. There was a little plough with the Belvoir, though.

In the provinces, Lord Harrington had a great run, but too far back and not point enough to be written of as an historic event. The meet was at Farndon. A friend who lives in that locality tells me that the run lasted three hours, was last at times, and was carried out over the Stubton country, on the borders

of the Belvoir and Blankney Hunts. "This being so," he adds, "you will not be surprised to hear that not more than four people really saw the hunt, of whom I was not one." The Stubton country has been known from the days of Nimrod onwards as one of the stiffest parts of the Belvoir. The friend mentioned above sends me an extract from a local paper, in which it is stated that "a large field embraced the noble Master" (the Earl of Harrington).

On Friday week Sir Gilbert and Lady Greenall received a wedding present from the ladies of the hunt. The presentation was made on the occasion of a



Photo.

A MEET OF THE PYTCHLEY.

Copyright

back, out the other side, and was making his point, in spite of Mr. Wroughton's precautions, when he almost ran into a bog. What a whipper-in in pink could not do the bog did, and the fox left his point, and made straight over a lovely line to Clipston. This is no country for a bad horse, but it was wonderful how well the big field rode over the stiff fences. There was no wire; it has all gone, and men and women rode as if they were out for a holiday. What matter stiff, stake-bound fences if no accursed strand run through them! To Clipston they ran hard; round the village they hunted slowly, but

meet of the hounds at Honington Hall, the house of Mr. Montague Thorold. Lady Greenall received a jewelled brooch, and Sir Gilbert a silver milk jug and stand.

The Quorn hounds were completely beaten by the weather at Ashby Folville on Friday, but on the same day the Atherstone, meeting at Coton House, had a most brilliant gallop, probably one of the best that has been seen this season while it lasted. A fox from Bryanston Gorse, and up to Blakenhall the pace was simply steeplechasing. Ten minutes only, but, with the ground as it is now, quite enough for horses. Few people were very sorry when, after a check which was hardly more than a pause, hounds swung themselves, picked up the line, and hunted on to ground near Lutterworth, on the Quorn border, twelve or thirteen minutes later. I fancy Mr. Muntz, Major Capel Cure, and Mr. Talbot Rice enjoyed as much as anyone this good little gallop.

I suppose one ought to close with an appropriate reflection. In the year 1801 fox-hunting was only just beginning to be regarded as a fashionable pastime, and Melton and Market Harborough were a village and a small county town respectively, while Rugby was scarcely known as a hunting centre. Truly fox-hunting has flourished greatly. May it continue to do so in the new century.

X.



THE close of the nineteenth century marks an era that will always be noted for extraordinary progress, and to a very great extent this development has extended to racing and the British thorough-bred, though many people affect to believe that our horses reached their zenith some time ago, and are now sinking "to their setting."

Personally, I do not for a moment entertain any such belief, though it is probable that we have for the last fifty years been harping a good deal too much on the Whalebone and Blacklock blood, so that the inevitable tendency of excessive inbreeding has led to infirmities of temper and constitution. But this trouble can be easily remedied by bringing back from various parts of the world a number of stout old strains which we have neglected, and already this is being done. Merman, Patron, and Abercorn have been imported from Australia to represent the Whisker line through its best channel, viz., The Colonel. Handball is coming from America to bring us back the priceless blood of Glencoe in tail male, and that, too, fortified by the other crosses of the sire of Pocahontas. It may be hoped that a descendant of The Flying Dutchman will be acquired from France, where that line is admirably successful, and from that country, too, we might with advantage resuscitate the once mighty house of Gladiator. There is abundance of material from which to revive and rejuvenate our bloodstock, if only we will exercise reasonable common-sense.

Meanwhile we may look with complacency on our great winners of recent years, from Orme down to his remarkable son, Flying Fox. Such horses as Ladas, Persimmon, Isinglass, and Giltee More—they are not easily to be surpassed, and it may even be that Diamond Jubilee deserves to rank with them; but this, for the present at any rate, is more than doubtful. In one point only the latter portion of the century has failed. We have seen no other such stallion as Stockwell, whose record in 1866 still remains unequalled. I am strongly of opinion, however, that the horse of the century is a *fin-de-siècle* one, and his name is Flying Fox, though I am loth to give him the preference over Blair Athol, who represented power and lovely quality in the most perfect combination ever seen.

However, these are points as to which we may say *quot homines, tot sententiae*. On the subject of the new century we can all be at one, and that is when we wish one another all manner of good luck in the coming time. After all, a century represents only an idea in the forward sweep of time; but it is a somewhat solemn idea, for it is certain that we shall none of us see the close of the current one—unless, indeed, some few of the younger fry develop into centenarians.

But let that pass, and let us take the gifts of the present hour as gratefully as we may, leaving severe reflections to rest in their own limbo. For my part, I am glad to face the future, though looking wistfully on the past; and as for my readers—well, I wish them all manner of good sport and good times in the days that are to be, with no morbid regrets for the days that are no more.

OUTPOST.

ON THE GREEN.

IT was unlucky that the first two matches played by Bernard Nicholls, the victor of Vardon, in this country should have taken place under conditions that made neither of them much of a real test of his form.

He had Peter Paxton first as his opponent, at Tooting, where Peter is at home. But Paxton himself is a quantity curiously difficult to rank among the professionals, seeming to do so well as he sometimes does rather in spite of his game, as we see it, than by reason of it. The truth is that his merit lies in the excellence of the least conspicuous strokes of the game, the putting and approaching; and the latter strokes he plays in the least showy way, letting the ball run a good deal after the pitch, so that even their merit escapes notice. He is a short driver, with a very poor "carry." Withal he has again and again done first-class work, and if he had been playing his best, on the green that he knows intimately, he would have given either Nicholls or anyone in the world quite as much as they could do to hold him. But when he met Nicholls he was by no means at his best. He could not make up by the excellence of his short strokes for the inevitable advantage gained by the other's greater length of drive, and the end of the matter was that Nicholls, without playing, or being called on to play, any remarkable game, won pretty easily.

And then came Nicholls's match against Braid at Romford. Braid is

heavier metal than Paxton; his strength lies decidedly in his powerful driving, as Paxton's is in the accurate short game. It would have been a hard task for Nicholls, not knowing the course, to tackle Braid on his home green at the best of times. Braid has beaten all the best, including Vardon, at Romford. But the occasion of Nicholls's meeting with Braid was not the best, but the worst, of times for the stranger. For there was, all over the ground, a very passable imitation of a London fog. Nicholls could not see where he had to go. Neither could Braid. But Braid knew, and Nicholls did not. The power of mist in distorting distances is well known to every golfer. But Braid knew the distances, and Nicholls did not. So the terms on which they met were very far from being equal, and so was the result of the match. Nicholls was never "in it." He lost both rounds by something like five holes apiece. It was an unsatisfactory conclusion to a match that had been anticipated with more than common interest. Braid played a fine game, his putting, on the heavy level greens that he likes, being uncommonly good, and his driving, as always, very strong.

We said in our notes of last week, which had to go to press all too early, by reason of the printers' Christmas holiday, that we had not yet seen the life of the late Mr. F. G. Tait, advertised to be published by mid-December. Of course, no sooner had the note been sent than the book appeared, and appears well up to the mark of the anticipations formed of it. We hope to give it a short notice elsewhere, but "On the Green" owes this statement to its readers and to Messrs. Nisbet, who publish poor young Mr. Tait's record.

It is to be regretted that we shall see no more of Mr. S. H. Fry in the big competitions, or any others, on this side of the world. He is just about to take up his residence in Australia. Whether Mr. Fry is the best golfer of those who began the game late in life is an open question. There are one or two who dispute that honour with him. What is scarcely open to question is that no other, taking the game up so late, has ever come to first-class form so quickly. Doubtless his billiards, of which game he is amateur champion, served him well for the greater game, at which, as at the indoor game, the striker hits a ball at rest—a quality which distinguishes these two, croquet, and few other games from the great majority.



BOWLING V. THROWING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A word, please, on one of your "Country Notes" of December 29th. Mr. A. C. Maclaren, believing himself to be speaking for his county, asked the opinion of the meeting at Lord's on the bowling of Mold. It now appears that Mr. Maclaren was mistaken in believing that his county had commissioned him to ask the question. In the meantime the answer had been given, and it is the answer that will interest the cricket-loving public more than the inspiration of the question. The verdict was unfavourable to Mold. Then the meeting, realising that an opinion of this kind passed against one man was invidious and of the nature of what the Romans called *privilegium*, set to work to draw up a black list of all the throwing bowlers. Now these things ought to make for righteousness. We all want to see throwing, under the false name of bowling, put down, but your remarks, Sir, are eminently to the point. A thrower of one year may work hard and change his action (Willsler is said to have done so in the old days of delivering the ball with the hand below the shoulder), and be a perfectly fair bowler the next year. Or, as you suggest, he may take to bowling lobs. You put the case strongly, but there is one strong point that you miss. The meeting by its decision has practically taken from umpires the responsibility of no-balling a thrower. What is the consequence? That next year a new bowler, falsely so called, may throw all the season through, no umpire being willing to no-ball him, until the meeting sits to put him on its black list. This is a very undesirable state of things. The truth is, as you rightly say, that the umpire, and the umpire alone, ought to have the power and the responsibility of no-balling a man, with all the support that authority can give him to back him up. It looks very much as if the meeting at Lord's had been cornered. They were asked a question, they answered it unthinkingly, and, having answered it, found that it committed them further than they anticipated, and they had to go further still or to go back. They chose the former course; but it is to be hoped, in the interests of cricket, that they may even now be persuaded to second thoughts and cancel the action into which they rather heedlessly hurried.—C. C. S.

HABITS OF THE BADGER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In the county where I live, which shall be nameless, the farmers and landowners seem suddenly to have become alive to the fact that badgers are very fairly numerous. Certainly, we are all surprised at the numbers of them that are found. In consequence these said farmers and landowners have organised a great many so-called badger hunts. They go out with spades and picks and terriers, and dig the wretched badger out of his earth. What his ultimate fate is I hardly know; for the time being they put him in a sack. Now what I want to know is, what harm does the badger do? Why this crusade against a harmless animal? He eats, I believe, roots and insects, and is innocent of all offence. I should like to make a plea not only for the badgers of my county, but also for those all the world over, through the medium of your charming paper.—S. L.

[We sympathise in no small degree with our correspondent's claim for pity for the badger, but, at the same time, it has to be confessed that he is not altogether

the injured innocent that "S. L." would make out. True, he eats roots and insects, but that in itself is almost as much as to say that he is omnivorous. He will eat any young partridge or pheasant chick, or eggs, that come in his way, and this is no doubt the reason of the landowner's grudge against him. As for the farmers, he does them a great deal of damage by a playful habit of rolling in the standing corn, thereby laying it flat and making it very hard to reap. This is really the badger's heaviest offence, and until "S. L." can succeed in breaking him of the habit, which he indulges in by families at a time, we are afraid that the farmer will not be persuaded that he is altogether a harmless animal. We are not at all surprised to hear that he is found in unsuspected numbers. He is so entirely nocturnal in his ways that he is seldom seen, and only on the evidence of his tracks, or depredations, is his presence likely to be suspected, unless specially sought for.—ED.]

TESTING GUNS FOR PATTERN AND PENETRATION.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Will you kindly allow me space to reply to your article on the testing of guns for pattern and penetration. I notice you suggest two things to improve the target; one is that it should have two cross lines drawn through centre, the other that the rack should be made with a cover to protect it from rain. Nothing is easier than to draw the cross lines on the stone; they would then be printed on the target, and to make a cover for the racks is a matter that would not cost more than sixpence. When the editor of the *Field* did me the honour to try my target, the only suggestion for improvement he made was that the iron plate protecting woodwork would be better a little thicker; all three suggestions will not increase cost of production one shilling. I have not found the necessity for one of them in practice, but for gunmakers who might be firing hundreds of shots daily the iron plate should be made thicker. I have avoided as much as possible trying guns in the rain, but if necessary there is usually a shed or some cover in connection with a farmhouse where the targets can be placed under cover on a wet day. The first targets I used to shoot at, now more than fifty years since, were made out of lin. deal wood. I had then a single-barrel light 16-bore which had been altered from flint and steel to percussion; this gun at forty measured yards would send No. 4 shot clean through the target. There were no cartridges made in those days. I noticed that other guns tried against mine, loaded with same measure, could not penetrate at 40yds.; they had to come in some yards nearer to do it. Another time several of us, when rook shooting, noticed a man the extra power of this gun. The trees were very old and very high, the highest rookery I know of. When the rooks were perched on the top-most branches the other guns could not bring them down, and after trying two or three times they gave it up, and either asked me to fire or asked for a shot out of my gun, when down the rook would come. I was proud of that gun—it was one of the lightest single barrels I ever handled; the barrels at the muzzle were as thin as brown paper. What I wish to say is that guns vary as much to-day in shooting powers, but through sportsmen having no means of testing for pattern and penetration they cannot prove it. I believe there is no invention except mine which will show pattern and penetration at a glance. After trying various materials for penetration, including wood, metal, and paper, I found nothing equalled or came up to strawboards. They can now be made by the thousand, same weight, size, and thickness, and they are the cheapest possible material. The gentleman who supplied mine has supplied many thousands of pounds in value in paper for Woolwich for cartridges, the tests for which are as strict as possible for uniformity of thickness, weight, size, etc. Guns which shoot erratically and faulty cartridges can be detected at once with the target. A gun which does not place some shot in the 3in. bull's-eye, and also the centre of the charge round the bull, is of little use to any sportsman. I have had some thousands of acres of shooting for above forty years, and have now above 5,000 acres, so have had opportunity of seeing performances of different guns. If a gentleman cannot shoot to his satisfaction, and tries his gun at the target, if he finds both the pattern and penetration are right, he has to come to the conclusion there is only one fault, and that is behind the gun. In other cases the gun will be found to be unsatisfactory; again sportsmen with guns which possessed no fault have had their shooting spoiled by faultily-loaded cartridges, and there cannot be anything more aggravating than to go out shooting and find some cartridges make scarcely any report, only strip a few feathers off the birds, and away they go.



Another cartridge may develop far too much force, and be dangerous to the shooter; and when this happens, which has happened to me, where it was impossible to get a fresh supply for some days, it is one of the most vexatious things that can befall anyone. Had I then had the target, trying half-a-dozen cartridges out of the box would have shown at once their faulty loading, and saved further vexation and sport spoiled. When these targets are generally adopted, a gun that really is a first-class shooting gun, tried with properly-loaded cartridges, proves at once to the satisfaction of the shooter that both pattern and penetration are of the best; there are some who own guns who think they can kill at 50yds. and 60yds. If so, they can prove it by the penetration, provided

a good pattern is also shown; but such guns will be only one or two in a county, *vide Field* trial, one or two guns only penetrating through forty sheets of the Pettitt pads, and they would not retain that shooting for long. I am aware that the sheets have been increased to forty-five; but where is there a 12-bore that will penetrate that number? I should like to see the targets generally adopted; if anything different can be invented that will show pattern and penetration at a glance, I shall be one of the first to purchase it. But I very much doubt anything ever being made which will equal it; but, having no time for further experiments, I will give my invention to any gunmaker who will take it up, or cartridge manufacturer, provided they would be willing to give a small portion of the profit to some charity in connection with sport. The Reliance Targets can be sold retail, complete, with improvements suggested, at 22s. each. They will afford a satisfactory profit to the gunmakers, and every gunmaker would require two, so as to fire a right and left shot, and every sportsman would require one, to test his guns and cartridges. In conclusion, I think I may venture to claim that it will be admitted by each gunmaker and sportsman, after trying his guns at the Reliance Target for both pattern and penetration, that this target carries out what is claimed for it. One great advantage over other systems is the placing of each strawboard in separate grooves. Each groove is 1in. apart, and also numbered from the first to the last groove. The shot pellets are self-registering, consequently there can be no mistake or dispute, as each person by looking at the side of the rack can see at one glance the number of strawboards that are penetrated. The hinged frame on which the target sheet is fixed slides on the rack, the bull's-eye being brought opposite the centre of the strawboards, and is then locked fast, and after firing at the target the pattern and the number of sheets penetrated are seen at a glance. Another advantage to gunmakers, also sportsmen, is that they can take the target and write on it the number of shots on the target, the number through the strawboards, date of trial, and number of gun. The gunmaker can fold the target up into small space, tie it to his gun, and submit the target to his customer, who can then see for himself what the gun is capable of doing, which the gunmaker can verify if desired.—PTARMIGAN.



A 22½LB. PIKE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Thinking that you and some of your readers may be interested, I am sending herewith a photograph and particulars of a giant pike taken by me in Firth Decoy, on December 4th, 1900. The weight and measurement of the fish were duly witnessed. Length 43in., girth 17in., weight 22½lb. Taken spinning with small size clipper bait and one triangle on 3/0 gimp and F size American waterproof braided silk line.—(Rev.) E. G. MAY.

FOWLS FOR PROFIT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have read in a recent number of your interesting paper the letter you publish about "Poultry Farming for Profit." As the subject seems to interest your readers, I thought you might like to hear how I am getting on with some fowls. I bought five hens and one cock of the breed some call Orpingtons, others Lincolnshire Buffs. I have had the fowls just four weeks, and they have laid up to this morning (December 18th) seventy-two eggs. I never give them anything except what I can gather off our plates, so that they cost me nothing at all, and the only run they have is my father's corn-yard. Next year, when father comes here to hunt, I hope to have a lot more fowls, as eggs are so expensive even down here in the country that we have to give twopence for each we buy; so that I make quite a nice profit out of my five fowls as it is.—M. T. CONTURE, Grantham.

[There is one word which looked like "crew-yard," but which we have made into "corn-yard," which goes far to explain our correspondent's letter. "Crew-yard" is an expression unknown to us, but it is certain that fowls would not thrive merely on soft scraps. They must have hard food too, and so we assume that "crew-yard" is something in the nature of a rick-yard.—ED.]

A MIXED TANDEM.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—We have taken in your beautiful paper since it first came out, and are always most interested in the photographs of your readers' pets. I wonder if you would care to reproduce one of these photographs which I have taken of my sister's tandem. The Shetland pony measures 4ft. at the shoulder. He and the donkey go very well together, but the latter, I am sorry to say, like most of his kind, is inclined to shirk his work and leave it all to Donald, who is a plucky little fellow, and goes with a will, although he is only three years old.—WINIFRED G. BEDDINGTON.

A HOMING FERRET.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In your issue of October 20th, which I have just received, I noticed a letter under the above heading relating to an extraordinary homing instinct on the part of a ferret. It reminded me of a ferret I had before leaving home, and I think what I write of it might be of interest to your readers. It was originally a poacher's ferret, and was picked up by a keeper and given to me, and was of a very wild nature. I kept it for a good time with an old buck ferret, and one night they both got out. I recovered the buck, but the doe I could not find, and when next I heard of it it was in a wood at least a mile away as the crow flies from its hutch. One morning, about a month after its escape, on going to the hutch, I found this same ferret curled up outside, and I caught it and put it in with the buck; it remained there about a fortnight, when it again escaped, and was not heard of for a considerable time, when it reappeared in the same wood where it had been previously on its first getting out, and this time it was accompanied by some little ferrets. I fear this sounds rather a romance, but it is an a solute fact.—ARTHUR WEBBER, Elands River, South Africa.